

Our Prize Pioneer Day Stories

IN THIS NUMBER.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

A Monthly Magazine.

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1894.

No. 9.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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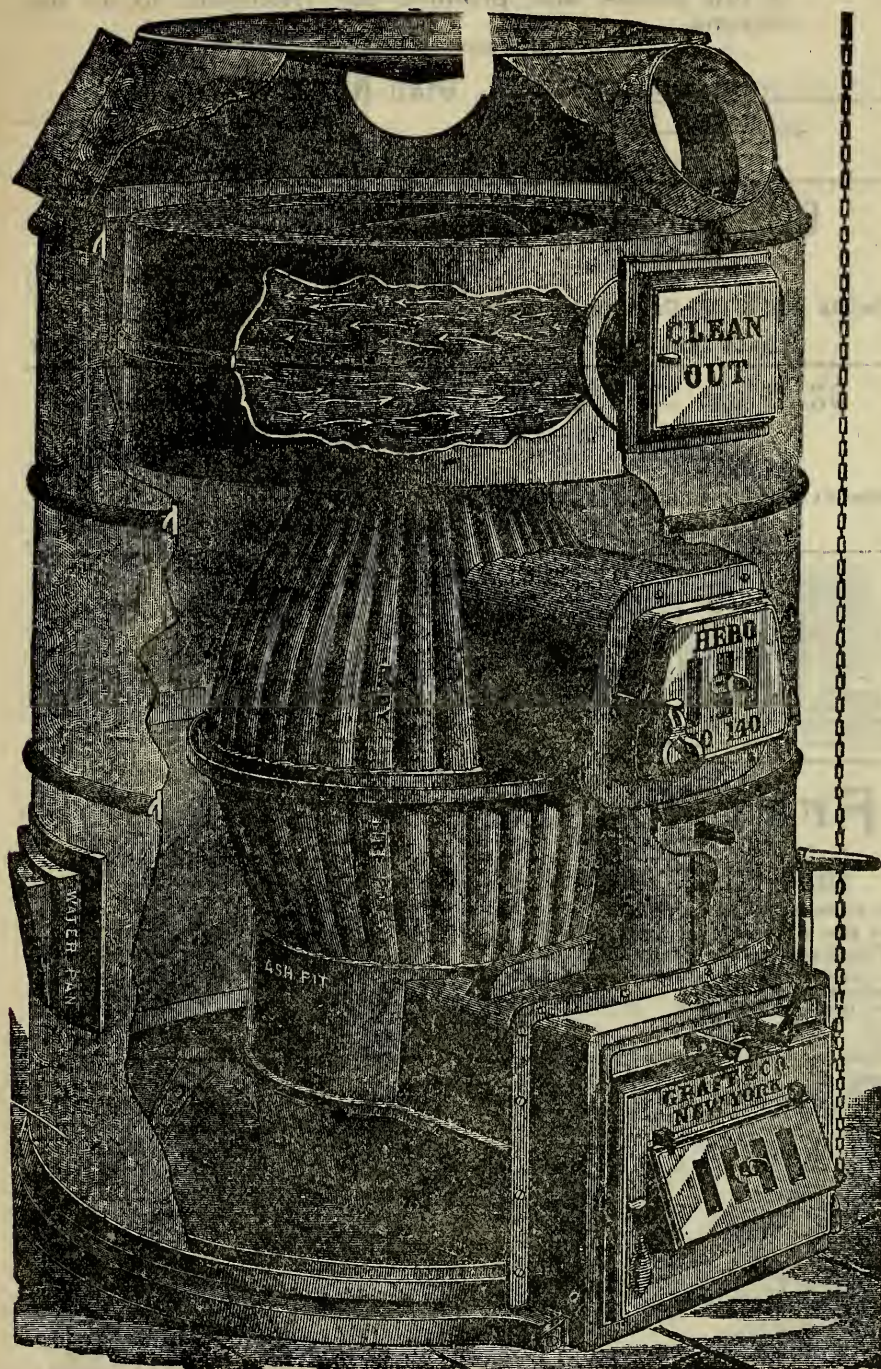
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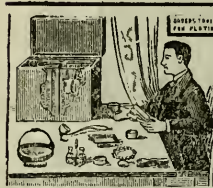
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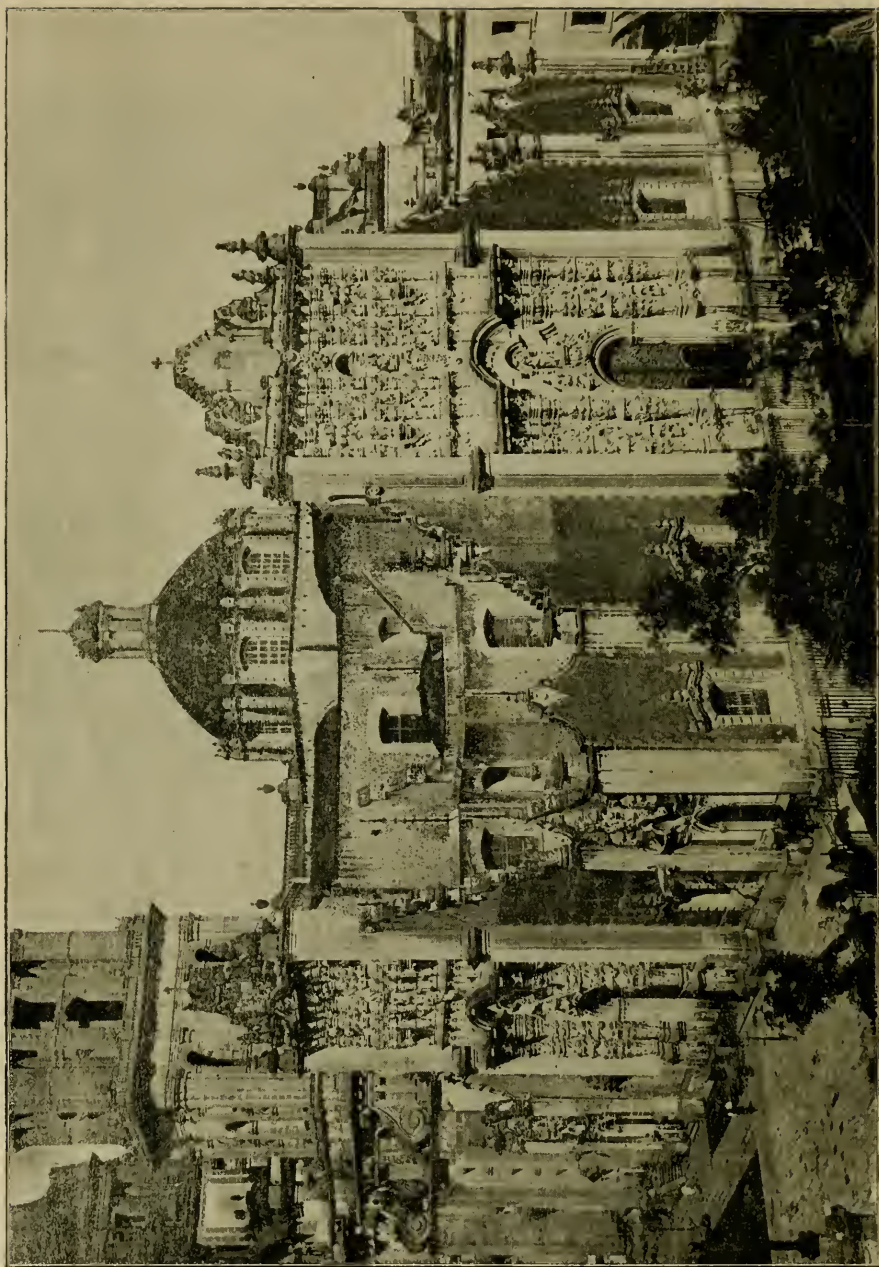


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THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1894.

No. 9.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

xv.

In mid-October the writer left Salt Lake to witness the closing days of the World's Fair, to while away a fortnight on the eastern sea-board and spend the winter of '93-4 below the tropic of Cancer in that land of the sun—Old Mexico, where the hand on the dial has been set back 200 years. While in New York when the winds careering up the bay were bringing the chill menace of coming winter, an irritant cough was added to bronchial troubles already in stock, and the conviction followed that gray-haired December and his shivering kindred were not proper restoratives for the 'lost chord'—vocal chord—the vertical line of travel was changed, and wheeling to the south-west our southern border was reached at El Paso. The little Texan town was in a local ferment about one of those intermittent 'revolutions' in Mexico. Every arriving or departing stranger was regarded with curiosity if not suspicion. Hand bills flooding the streets and alleys offered five dollars per day for men equipped with horse, rifle and ammunition, and two dollars per day to men enlisting for infantry service with the revolutionists, but the latter—where were they? Some gangs of marauding Mexican thieves had banded together for revenue only—were having exciting adventures in the chaparral of northern Chihuahua and Sonora—and are said to have num-

bered among them some of the worst desperadoes between the North Fork and the most southerly sweep of the Rio Grande.

The population on either side of that ever-changing stream is largely of pie-bald parentage. Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, cowboys and assorted scoundrels and evil-doers of every shade and variety thrive apace. And, like the ever-shifting sands of the river-bed they veer from side to side as the approach of the sheriff or any other emergency may suggest.

Coming to El Paso by way of the Rio Grande Western and the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe, with their usual luxuriant comforts of modern travel, the writer had some misgivings about the supposedly antiquated equipment of Mexican railways, but a broader experience brought greater wisdom and he found the railways of our southern neighbor as well equipped and the management in no wise inferior to our own. At Juarez opposite El Paso on the Mexican side, custom officers go indifferently through the baggage. Your valise, umbrella, etc., are thrown indolently at the bombastic, kinky-headed porter standing expectant on the Pullman platform, he waves you into your section where, sinking wearily among the cushions you wonder with a half-hearted sigh if, after all, the game is really worth the candle. The depressing effects of that last leaden meal at the leading El Paso hashery,

where everything on the table was sour, except the vinegar, constrains a negative reply to your mental question. The other passengers in the sleeper, all apparently from long distances, retire early, but next morning rise expectantly and with long looks at the low-lying hills and barren, sterile waste of rock and sandy desert, wonder if they are really in Mexico and have been traveling through "the romantic land" all night long. Giant lizards and the nopal tree, organ cactus and other wild and fantastic variants of the prickly pear family prove scant compensation to half-informed travelers who more than half expect to cross dividing lines with a jolt and plunge at once from mid-winter to mid-summer. To all such inexperienced tourists, much of the pleasures of a journey to Mexico will be lost in the shuffle. The scenery and tropical features of that land of the sun lie far to the south. Straggling tourists who may feel discontented with the face of the country lying between the Tropic of Cancer and the Rio Grande might follow the example of traveling theatrical companies and carry their scenery with them.

Coming from the north, the first town of importance reached by the Mexican Central Railway is Chihuahua, from whence parties desiring to reach the Mormon settlements in that State usually proceed inland. Continuing south, with a slight trend to the east, the train makes brief stops at most of the wayside stations. At each of these we were received by the usual deputation of depot loafers, every adobe hut in the neighborhood furnishing its quota. The copper-colored population who wear a general appearance of being down-at-the-heel all over, have also that air of languor and faintness consequent on the exhaustive labor required from those who lie on the sunny side of depot platforms during their very few waking hours. Their only other fad is *hats*; these are generally a couple

feet in diameter, with high, sugar loaf crowns and trimmed with a gaudy display of cheap tinsel, faded finery, grease and dirt, and the usual insect life of tropical latitudes. Remove the sombrero and blanket or serape, as they call them, and all that remains of the peon of Mexico is not worth a funeral service. In habit, features and filth they much resemble our own Indians, whose remarkable personal beauty must have often impressed the reader when watching a group of squaws masticating the fragments of a cow.

Once more the train speeds away to the south, and the first cultivated land seen from the train appears in the neighborhood of Las Delicias, three hundred miles below El Paso. A mile or more from the station of Queretaro, on the same line, lies the city of that name, where the late Emperor Maximilian made his last desperate stand against the patriot Juarez and his troops. A chronicler of those times, says: "The condition of the foreign army shut up in Queretaro became more and more painful, Provisions grew scarce. Maximilian, with the greatest serenity, accepted the coarse food which was all that could be had. The only hope of the garrison lay in General Marquez, who had been sent by Maximilian to the capital for those forces and funds which had been so confidently promised him by the clergy. Day after day brought only disappointment, as no aid came from that source.

"On the night of the fourteenth of May, General Lopez, who had charge of the most important point in Queretaro, the Convent de la Cruz, betrayed his trust and admitted two battalions of the enemy into the citadel. From this point they advanced stealthily to other parts of the city, where all became at once terror and confusion. With his aides-de-camp Maximilian passed, unrestrained, and gained a little hill just outside the town. Here he surrendered to a detachment of the victor-



EXECUTION PLACE OF MAXIMILIAN, MEJIA AND MIRAMON.

ious army and delivered up his sword. A month later, the ill-starred Austrian, with two of his generals, Miramon and Mejia were shot at the same moment on that spot."

And so ended the episode of the French intervention in Mexico; and thus was added one more precedent for carrying out the Monroe Doctrine on this continent.

Railways now reach nearly every point of interest in the Republic and their mileage is constantly though not rapidly increasing. Fares are reasonable, accommodations good and the management excellent. In short, those desiring to travel or escape the rigors of a northern winter and visit a foreign country without leav-

ing the continent cannot do better than by spending a few months among the descendants of Montezuma. Those who cannot accustom themselves to the pungent odors of Mexican provender will find house rent low and girl help plentiful at three to four dollars per month; candor, however, compels the writer to add that the kitchen ladies in that country understand more Spanish than English, and are said to know more deviltry than either.

The writer had been led to expect high prices in Mexico but found the reverse to be the case, and appends some figures for the convenience of the reader who may contemplate visiting an interesting neighbor in

the south. For the sake of clearness the prices given are reduced to American coin which is at a high premium in Mexico, as the silver in that country is not redeemable in gold.

All hotels in the capital are run on the European plan, but restaurants are attached and one may eat on the premises or not, as circumstances suggest. Rooms in the Hotel Iturbide, the largest hostelry in the republic, cost one to two dollars per day. A regular dinner consisting of soup, fish, three meats, vegetables, fruit and coffee for dessert, can be had at the Maison Dore, Concordia or other first-class restaurants at sixty cents. No good apples are grown, but other fruits are in abundance, and they number six or eight varieties unknown to this country. Anywhere in the interior, away from the capital, hotels are run on the American plan, and the best ones charge one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per day. Should a prolonged stay be contemplated lower rates may be obtained. Carriages charge thirty to fifty cents an hour, and street cars from three cents upward according to distance traveled.

To Americans the most noticeable feature of Mexican households, I approach it with terror, is what they fatten on, their menu or bill of fare; verily the flesh pots of Egypt in no wise resembled those of Mexico, or the Israelites would have remained inflexibly firm to the end. In those latitudes are raised and consumed every kind of meat known to Americans, we may breed better strains, but the various species are there, and a greater variety of fruits and vegetables is rarely seen in any land, and visiting their great markets is an ever-recurring delight to observant travelers—their inexpertness lies in preparing the food. The bean excepted, no one vegetable is cooked and served alone—the writer is referring to his own experiences, which

have been principally in the interior—all are mixed and mingled with each other and with various soups, stews and meats. *Olla Podrida* is a phrase we borrow sometimes from the Spanish, while there is nothing in our cuisine requiring its use. Jenkins' lexicon says:

Olla Podrida (putrid mixture). Any odd mixture, as the Spanish dish of all meats and vegetables.

They possess nine varieties of beans, only one of which, the castor oil bean, is not served at table. However, its arrival there is daily expected, as the little use resident Americans have for Spanish dishes has created an opulence of appetite that will welcome any change. Other Mexican dishes are plentifully seasoned with whole spices, red and green peppers, garlic and onions, until the very ghost of vegetarianism itself stands agast.

In December last the writer was domiciled at Cuautla, the sunny little capital of the State of Morales, and while strolling through the local market saw a number of women selling brown colored bugs by the quart. The insects were round and flat, alive and kicking, uniform in size, and would probably measure three-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the evening he learned from the hotel steward that such insects were popular among the masses who used them for sprinkling in soup or eating with bread, and that a pint or so would be served at the evening meal if desired. The writer promptly declined, not wishing to accustom himself to luxuries he might miss after returning to his own country.

The only other point of discomfort among the hotels of the interior is the bed. It usually consists of a folding cot, the old army pattern, in the form of a sawbuck with canvas stretched across. Except in remote districts a mattress and pillows of raw cotton are added. Miscellaneous use soon balls up the cotton, or, equally as bad, leaves it in ridges

and furrows, in which condition the room attendant generally allows it to remain. The apartments, unless quite small, contain two cots, and, if the house is full, the two must be paid for or a room-mate accepted.

Few travelers care to linger long in the city of Mexico. Rumors of its dire unhealthfulness had reached me before I had crossed the frontier, and like all rumors, proved to be grossly exaggerated. Typhus fever and pneumonia are by no means rare, and yet, scant food, insufficient clothing, and prurient lives are largely instrumental in confining those dread maladies to the native and to the poorer classes. Certain it is, that temperate habits, cleanliness of person and ordinary precautions against sudden changes of climate will render a residence in the Aztec capital as safe as in that of most other countries. And yet the Mexican metropolis does not possess a single good hotel. The Iturbide, previously referred to, is the most pretentious. It is a gloomy, rambling old palace, or rather funeral pile belonging to the descendants of the emperor of that name, and only notable as having been the residence of that hapless monarch during the fleeting days of his very brief reign. The city I found raw and chilly. Hotels or other buildings have no chimneys or appliances for heating apartments, hence a drop in the barometer leaves the luckless wanderer no alternative but to walk the streets or shiver in his room. Fortunately, however, a few hours' journey east or south, will take him into a region of perpetual sunshine amidst tropical foliage where flowering May and rosy June hold eternal sway; where droning bees and glittering butterflies swirl aloft in the drowsy air, and thickets of wild heliotrope, roses and pomegranates run mad in furious splendor.

Before leaving the region of the capital for the tierra caliente or hot lands near the coast, a call was made

upon Our Lady of Guadalupe, the holiest shrine in Mexico, to which pilgrimages are made from all over the republic. Many peons of the outlying towns traverse the distance, two or three miles, on their hands and knees, arriving penitent at the sanctuary, bruised and bleeding. On the day of the writer's visit some preparations going on in the church barred admission to the shrine for the time being, and he strolled among the side-shows which always infest the neighborhood whenever a saint's day or other holy festival occurs at Guadalupe. There were gutter restaurants which hawked, not only fried liver, but lights and lungs as well. Drinking booths where pulque, the unfermented juice of the maguey or century plant, and fiery aguardiente went for a cent a glass; in one shanty a gaudily attired hag, blear-eyed and haggard-faced with each crevice of time painted and plastered was performing a "dance" of some kind, admission ten cents; but by far the greater number of tents, awnings and tables were occupied by sure-thing men with gambling devices, and these were always crowded. One enterprising Aztec had erected a shooting gallery in the open air, the targets comprising paste-board representatives of nearly every animal beneath the sun and a number which are not. Laying down three cents, the price of two shots, I drew a deadly aim on a blue-eyed lion which flourished a yellow rag-tail—the shot was fired and evidently struck a vital part—there came a whirring sound of clock work set in motion, the paste-board jaws slowly opened in two immense yawns and emitted such a howl of anguish from his patent insides as threatened to awaken our old-time enemy, Santa Anna, who slumbers in the village church-yard on the hill above.

When the Mexican peon walks to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on his hands and knees and lingers

at the gutter restaurant to line his interior department with liberal portions of fried lights seasoned with garlic and green and red peppers, washed down by generous libations of decayed pulque, he is in a suitable frame of mind to squander his remaining coppers on the nearest gambler, enter a church and accept the miracle of the apparition of the Virgin or anything else that he can lay his hands on.

"*Ave Maria purisima, que venga el sol!*"—Holy Virgin, let the sun

ferred to the platform of that way-side station on the line of the Inter-Oceanic railway operating between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz on the sea-board. There was a dull, grey sky, the air laden with mist, fog, and a drizzling never-ending rain. A solitary street car with six mules, thirty passengers and twenty seats, goes toiling up the steep hill-side which leads to the plaza or public square of the quaint old town. Looking vainly for a second car or other conveyance the lonely traveler



IN THE GROVES OF CHAPULTEPEC.

shine! Those are the words, spoken in Spanish, which fell upon the writer's ear as he stood in the depot after being dislodged from the train which brought him to the showery little Mexican town of Jalapa, the capital of Vera Cruz; dislodged is the word as he had fallen asleep during the latter part of the journey and the other passengers, Mexicans all, had left the car without disturbing the stranger in the corner, that rude task being left for the mozo who came to sweep out the car. Five minutes later the scene was trans-

fumes in his pockets for a card of directions on which is penciled "Hotel Diligencia," and surrendering his valise into the slimy, Aztec hands of a native porter, he rolls up his trousers a la Regent street, and proceeds to follow in the direction taken by the car and is in turn followed by the moist and saturated tramp with the hand baggage aforesaid.

Arriving at the top of the hill, a scant, very scant knowledge of the Castillian tongue enables him to ascertain that the tavern recommended had recently expired in the last

throes of commercial decay; the next and remaining alternative proved to be a characteristic Mexican inn, such as one often meets in interior towns of the tawny republic—and nowhere else, save perhaps in Spain or the South American republics—a description of one is a description of all. They are generally of a single story, though sometimes of two; the walls are laid with a rubble of lava stone, the whole country, at some remote period, appears to have been volcanic—and covered with a stucco of lime, or perhaps cement, as evidences of decay are rarely seen. Roughly squared timbers support the pentiled roofs, and walls and timbers are colored in distemper, the gaudy hues selected for that purpose being those common to the architecture of all tropical and most sub-tropical countries. The French window or double glass-door is universal, ordinary windows being rare if they exist at all. Another leading feature of the better class of Mexican structures, is the *patio* or open court surrounded by the four walls of the building. Most of the apartments open on this court or garden, and all have access to it. Colonnades with balustrading run around each story and overlook the garden beneath.

Passers-by, American or other foreigners, returning from a weary round of sight-seeing, tired out with the heat and dust of the ill-paved streets, hug narrow strips of shade along the houses, and sometimes through open hallways, catch glimpses of these patios where fountains

play, the limpid waters sparkling like diamonds in the glancing sunlight, where palm trees or miniature groves of orange and lemon trees shade cool, green grass plats and beds of brilliant flowers, and ferns, pendant vines, and creepers bound each to the other with tangled and twisted sprays of delicate foliage, while jagged boughs of frangipanni break the undergrowth and scent the air with sweet white blossoms. Here, on rainless days, free from the supervision and idle curiosity of strangers (who so frequently infest the vicinity of American lawn fetes) the Mexican hostess may receive and entertain, may lounge in easy chairs or swing hammocks among cool shadows where tamarind and mango, pineapple and plantain struggle in tropical rivalry.

The pavement of the interior galleries, the floors and hallways of the various apartments, as well as the walks in the secluded patios, are laid with red earthen tiles. In some instances the tiled floors of the living rooms are carpeted, in others, among the wealthier classes, marble, slate, or art tiles replace the more plebeian red. As in the West Indies, French windows opening on the street are flush with the sidewalk and guarded their full height by iron gratings; hence when sad-eyed señoritas are seen, as they frequently are, clasping the prison-like bars and gazing wistfully out, the resemblance to a captive bird beating its wings against an iron cage is not far to seek.

G. H. Snell.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

IX.

THE SERMON—CHOICE OF A SUBJECT.

WE are now to consider the product of preaching—the sermon. By this term I mean, not the elaborate effort generally called by this name in contradistinction to the address,

or the informal talk, but rather any oral communication of original composition directed to a religious assembly. These communications take so many forms in Latter-day Saint assemblies, apparently obeying no rules whatever, that it will hardly be

profitable, at least before we have considered other things, to make distinctions here as to kinds of sermons. Let us rather direct attention to what must be common to all such communications.

First of all, then, we have a congregation which, if the conditions be as they should be, is made up of minds poised in an expectant attitude; minds that have left business cares and all other mundane affairs at home. The choir by its sweet strains has sought to attune the diverse vibrations of many souls to one solemn harmony. These hearts are also drawn to beat in unison as every voice says "amen" to the opening prayer. As if this were not enough, the way is further prepared for the sermon, by the sacrament, wherein all sit down, as it were, to the table of the Lord, showing forth by this object lesson that all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equal in the eyes of their Heavenly Father. How, indeed, could the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man be more solemnly impressed upon a congregation?

After the sacrament, what next? Such is the attitude of every mind? Here we have not only expectancy as manifested ordinarily by secular audiences, but an ideal expectancy, reinforced as it is by humility, by a spirit of charity and forgiveness, and by a deep, reverential attention. What more could a speaker ask? Shame to the Elder, then, that seeks to satisfy such listening by the echoes of an empty mind, or to feed such hunger on the mouldy crusts of a lazy memory!

But, dropping figures of speech, how shall the Elder avoid doing these very things—hiding (or exposing) his emptiness, under cover of many "words without knowledge," or, what is little better, repeating platitudes that do not have the merit of belonging to the same kind of cloth, or even fitting the same worn-out garment he is patching at?

How shall he *begin* to avoid these things from the time he begins to speak?

The farmer ere he begins to plow takes care to secure a piece of land; the shoemaker does not begin to stitch till he has leather; the weaver does not start his shuttles till he has yarn; but the preacher alas! often sets *his* loom going without warp or woof, and regales his hearers with the mere click of machinery.

The *first requisite of the sermon is the choice of a subject*. Is it not astounding that this proposition needs seriously to be argued? What! do you pretend that there can be preaching without a subject? Preaching—no; but what passes for it—yes. I am not afraid to let every reader draw from his own memory in support of this assertion. How often it happens that a speaker fritters away a whole hour and then sits down without having found a subject! Quite as often we hear him say finally: "Now, what I want to get at is this"—and looking at our watches we discover he has been twenty, thirty, forty minutes in getting at it.

Now, I should have nothing more to say about this fiddling away of time, if people would apply to it the same common-sense reasoning by which they condemn a sheer waste in any other business. But preaching, we seem to feel, is too sacred, too spiritual, to be touched by the rules of common sense, hence abuses grow rank without being molested—nay without even being so little disturbed as to be called by their true names; like a Sunday garden whose soil is too sacred for week-day feet, and whose weeds must be pulled only on the Sabbath when no man must work!

The temptation to vagrancy as opposed to system and method, is by no means peculiar to preaching. It has struck in on the farming community throughout Utah, and manifests itself in all fields of activity. Every teacher discovers it no matter what the subject or what the school.

What child does not naturally prefer slinging ink in meaningless strokes and curves to following the copy line for line? Every teacher of penmanship knows, also, how the young sophist when caught at it, justifies the turning loose of his hand as tending to give him flexibility and freedom of movement, when the fact *is* that scribbling causes him to *lose* not to gain control of his muscles.

Aimless talking is mental scribbling and differs from scribbling pure and simple chiefly in that it is harder to cure; for none is so blind as not to see the utter worthlessness of an ink-bespattered sheet of paper, while multitudes, distrusting their own impressions, still cherish a vague notion that there may be some good in a word-bespattered hour of time, from which they have just escaped.

The difficulty in curing this vagrant habit lies in the fact that it is entrenched behind this delectable piece of reasoning: Whoever speaks by the guidance of the Spirit of God speaks what is good for man. Latter-day Saint Elders speak by this Spirit, hence what Latter-day Saint Elders speak is good for man. But Latter-day Saint Elders are often aimless and wandering in their sermons; hence—well—in some way which we can't exactly see, aimlessness in speech must be good for man. I leave the reader to detect the fallacy.

"I love to count myself only as a fiddle on which the Holy Ghost may play whatever tunes it lists." This remark is credited to one of our eminent leaders, now dead. If this sentiment was intended as an apology for a rambling tongue, then even the uniqueness of its dress ought not to spare its author the just criticism that he is blaming the Holy Ghost for what is a very common human frailty. But so far as I can learn, this Elder always played *tunes*. He did not realize that his very words would often be used to justify the most discordant noises, or what is little

better, the endless *tuning up* for a sermon, that there is neither time nor patience left to listen to when it finally begins.

The remedy for all this lies in choosing *one* subject, sticking to it as long as fresh thoughts spring up concerning it, and sitting down when one is "gravelled for matter," and begins to repeat ideas. "What! stick to one subject for a whole sermon! Impossible. Some of our most fluent speakers would be floored in five minutes."

Well, suppose they are. Would it not be a good thing? What vanity can be more contemptible than that which sacrifices a whole audience that some Elder may have it to say: "I held them an hour!" But no such result would take place—at least, after the first few trials. These Elders, who now dig a few spadefuls in this garden then rush madly to that, and so on through the entire field of thought, would find in a single narrow compass, more thoughts; richer thoughts, intenser thoughts, and all this simply because the thoughts would be *specific* and closely related. The microscope reveals more wonders to us than the telescope, and the truths it reveals are of as much more vital interest to us as they are nearer to us than are the stars.

This confining one's self to a single subject is at once a strong support to self-confidence and a powerful stimulus to thought. The rambling talker, if he will but train his powers for a short time, will be surprised and delighted to discover for himself the truth of this assertion. But it will require a powerful effort of will to realize the new advantage. Perhaps keeping in mind this illustration will aid the will. I once beheld a pesky hen, with worn and bedraggled wing and tail feathers, trying to cover a brood of lordly young turkeys. Picture the ridiculous figure! But ridiculous though it be, it is a valuable comparison for any Elder

to keep in mind who is tempted to do likewise. It has served me on many an occasion when I would otherwise have "spread myself," or attempted to spread myself over all the peaks of thought in a continent of knowledge.

The question most important here then is, how shall we choose a subject? The choosing of an appropriate subject is really harder than the speaking upon it after it is chosen. If some one could put to the speaker, as he arises, a specific question, the answer to which would be just the spiritual food needed, not a minute would be lost in aimless and often fruitless foraging for something rational to say. It is not my purpose to teach that any Elder may presume to choose for himself or another a subject for any given occasion. That must ever be left to the Spirit of Truth which searcheth all hearts. What I do maintain is, that Elders should think about subjects—central truths in their relations to the details of life—so that there may be something in their minds to choose from. It is not the spirit of inspiration we should seek to improve, but our pliability and plasticity to the workings of this spirit. If, then, we think much about what is good and what is bad in preaching, we shall offer less resistance, or perhaps it would be more exact to say, we shall yield more readily, to its suggestions. It is in view of this thought that I invite attention to the discussion that follows as to the nature and choice of a subject.

Three things are to be taken into account:

1. The nature of the occasion;
2. The qualifications of the preacher;
3. The qualities of the subject itself.

1. *The subject should be in harmony with the occasion.* Human beings are insensibly influenced by ever-changing environments: spring-time and autumn, winter and summer, prosperity and adversity, events political, social, religious, educational

and also by the occupations which for the time being engage their attention. The Elder who is oblivious to the pulse of nature and callous to the touch of mankind, is in danger of preaching against the wind. He is not bringing meat in due season. His thoughts are likely to stalk in dressed in overcoats and fur caps amid the roses of June.

It is not so much in the choice of a subject as in the standpoint from which it is treated and the images and allusions by which its truths are brought home to the audience—that the preacher gains by being alive to what for the moment stirs the multitude. Let the preacher ask himself ere he begins: What is in the air to-day, and in some way or other make this contribute toward impressing upon his hearers the moral lessons of the sermon.

2. *The subject should be of present interest.* This rule must take into account the people addressed as well as the subject treated. What may be old and stale in one part may be new and fresh in another. We often hear criticisms about "Mormonism forty years old." If applied to the truths of the Gospel as advocated forty years ago, the criticism is foolish. Moral principles have no age. They do not change from eternity to eternity. But, certainly, the statement or exposition of these principles and the events that cling about their exposition, do constantly vary, and should vary, with the needs of the age and the people. It is the dress then that gets old, and let us not underrate the effect of worn-out or antiquated garments. Fashions in speech hold as well as fashions in dress. Well dressed thought lives, because it finds its way among men and is entertained. Equally good thought, poorly dressed, dies for want of entertainment. But aside from sermons in worn-out dresses, there is a kind of Mormonism forty years old, which is justly censured: sermons which were of present inter-

est one or two generations ago, but which ought never to be heard today out of a museum of relics. So, too, it often happens that Elders on missions acquire so little versatility that on being called to preach at home they launch into a rote sermon, quite oblivious to the fact that they are talking to the Saints, and not to a congregation of unbelievers.

Let every Elder called upon to address the Saints, ask himself the question: Is this of present interest? and it will greatly aid him in avoiding the hackneyed subjects that so often make our meetings dreary. If he discover that he knows nothing about other subjects, let him somehow find the moral courage to sit down, and then prepare himself better for the next opportunity.

3. *The subject should be suited to the intelligence of the congregation.* Instinctively the speaker should feel when he is not being understood; should perceive instantly waves of intelligence or of doubt as they pass over the audience, like the alternate lights and shades made by fleecy clouds on a summer day. He will thus be able to adapt his thought and diction to the varying needs of his hearers. This rule is oftenest violated in talks before the Sunday Schools, which generally go over the heads of all, save the teachers. But it is also the fault of young Elders, dangerously puffed up with a "little learning." They find it so hard to curb their vanity, so delightful to air their scraps of knowledge and enjoy the blank stare of their elder brethren and sisters. Set it down as a rule, that the Elder who thus loves to mystify by grandiloquent words and obscure allusions, is thinking mainly of himself. He speaks, not by the clear, steady light of the Spirit of Truth, but by the accumulated gas product of his own vanity.

4. *Only such subjects should be chosen as are interesting to the speaker.* It need scarcely be argued that what is not interesting to him,

he will utterly fail to make interesting to the congregation. Moreover, want of interest in a subject is *prima facie* evidence of want of knowledge—at least of fresh, vigorous knowledge—concerning it. He should, therefore, avoid the subject for the further reason that he would be wasting the time of his hearers in mere general assertions and dreary platitudes. If this rule were invariably followed, three-fourths of our sermons would be on stock-raising, commerce, or farming. What then? Better far to be kept awake by a fresh, vigorous, specific talk on how to irrigate, so as to raise good crops, than to be put to sleep by drowsy emptinesses on a spiritual subject. Of course it is the spiritual subject that we come to be stirred up concerning. But if the Elder cannot stir us—because he is not stirred himself—let him speak upon a subject in which he can stir us; or, better still, let him give way to the Elder who *can* interest us in what we came to hear. If we will be guided by the Spirit in the choice of a subject, it will always be chosen from that part of our mind-stores in which we are interested; for the Spirit delights not in scraps and mouldy crusts, and it can find fresh food to draw from only where our ideas are alive and growing. Let us then make it a rule only to speak on those subjects in which we are interested; and if we are not interested in what should be talked about, let us not talk, but sit and be ashamed of our indolence.

5. *The speaker should choose only such subjects as command his entire belief.* The tippler and tobacco-user will make a poor sermon on the Word of Wisdom. Even if it be faultless rhetorically, it will lack the Gospel ring, for the Spirit does not lend itself to hypocrisy. The first requisite of a preacher is a testimony of the Gospel—an abiding, an ever-burning testimony. It is not enough that an Elder have a passive belief

in a subject in order to speak well upon it; his belief must be *active*—so active as to dominate him, if he would make others believe in it.

6. *A subject ought not to be attempted that is beyond the powers of the speaker.* If this rule be followed it will stop much vain speculation as to the seventh heaven and kindred subjects that may belong to theology but do not belong to the Gospel, at least in this life. It will also be of aid to the young Elder who, dazzled

by the first glimmerings of a mighty subject, rushes into sermons under the delusion that he is the first and only one to whom the glorious truth has been revealed.

We have now treated the choice of a subject as regards the occasion, and as regards the speaker. We have next to speak of this choice as regards the subject itself. The discussion of this part is so important as to require a separate chapter.

N. L. Nelson.

SAYINGS AND WRITINGS OF PREST. WOODRUFF.*

1. "JOSEPH SMITH left as strong a testimony as was ever given to the human family, and sealed that testimony with his own life and blood."

2. "We are laying a foundation while in the days of our youth for a character which will decide our destiny throughout all time and eternity either for good or evil."

3. "All the prophets both ancient and modern, together with all the holy angels, are anxiously watching this work."

4. "We all have our agency to choose the good and refuse the evil, or to choose the evil and refuse the good, for the Lord forces no man to heaven neither does He tempt any man to do evil."

5. "A man cannot leave this Church without the power of God leaves him. It has been the power of the Priesthood that has made men great, and no man can handle this Priesthood only as God wills."

6. "In my opinion the character of a person is formed between childhood and the age of eighteen."

7. "As I have received the good and evil, the fruits of obedience and disobedience, I think I am justified in exhorting all my young friends to

obey the whisperings of the Spirit of God and they will always be safe."

8. "Whenever you are blessed with any good thing be willing to share it with others."

9. "I am living on borrowed time and I know not how long I shall be permitted to remain here, but I wish to bear my testimony to you that this work is true."

10. "It is better for us to fall in the defense of truth than to deny the words of God and go to hell."

11. "I would rather seal my testimony with my blood and lay my body to rest in the grave and have my spirit go to the other side of the veil to enjoy a long eternity of light, truth, blessing, and a knowledge that the Lord will bestow upon every man who keeps His laws, than to spend a few short years of earthly pleasures and be deprived of these blessings and the society of my friends and brethren behind the veil."

12. "You will lose nothing by honoring your fathers and redeeming your dead, for it is a glorious work."

13. "We will soon pass to the other side of the veil but let us do our duty while we are here."

14. "The spirit of God labors and strives to preserve all the children of men from evil, and the Lord gives

* Sentiments presented at the Young Ladies' Reunion in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake City.

His angels charge concerning us and they do all in their power for our salvation."

15. In the testimony of a lifetime addressed to the Y. M. M. I. A. he said: "I have confidence in you to believe that you will qualify yourselves for the great duty and work that lie before you." After tonight may he feel the same confidence in the young ladies.

16. "This work depends on no man or set of men; God can and will fill any man's place who proves himself unworthy, and He will permit no man to lead this people astray."

17. "The spirit of revelation belongs to the Priesthood."

18. "We are blessed with power and authority to redeem both the living and the dead."

19. "The Lord is determined to raise up a people that will worship Him, and if He has to whip and scourge and drive us through a whole generation, He will chastise us until we are willing to submit to righteousness and truth, or until we are like clay in the hands of the potter."

20. "I would exhort my young friends not to cherish selfishness, but if you have any, get rid of it as soon as possible. Be generous and kind-hearted to all, especially to your parents."

21. "It is better to suffer stripes for the testimony of Christ than to fall by our sins and transgressions and then have to suffer afterwards."

22. "I have been a member of the Church over sixty years, one of the apostles fifty-five years, and the president for a short time, and I have never performed any ordinance without the assistance of the Holy Ghost."

23. "The time is here when the veil shall be lifted, and the hearts of the young men and women shall be turned to the work of the Lord."

24. "This Gospel has caused

prophets, elders, and saints to rejoice. It has nerved up their spirits with fortitude and strength, and borne them up against every opposing influence; this has been the case in every dispensation when this light and power have been enjoyed by the children of men."

25. "I knew the Prophet Joseph both in public and in private, have worshiped with him, and run horse races with him over the public square, and in every duty of life he was a man to be loved and revered."

GOOD ADVICE.

THE following advice, given some time ago by General Sherman, is worthy of attention by young men of today:

"One half of the evils that beset the path of young men starting in life come from the neglect of their parents to educate them in the use of money. Not that all parents, or even most of them, are extravagant with their sons' allowance, or that they do not give them a great deal of advice on the subject of economy. But they do not, in the strictest sense of the word, make the proper use of money a part of their education. They restrain, but they do not guide. As boys' needs and desires increase, they are too apt to be met with only increasing difficulty in getting money, interposed often in such a form as to stimulate rather than regulate their appetite for spending. It is hard for parents to realize that sooner or later their sons must have the control of more or less money to use or waste, to save or invest, according to their own judgment, and that mere restriction in the allowance of money does not fit them for the temptations, difficulties, and perplexities of this important part of the business of life. Nor should it be forgotten that a great proportion of the dishonesty which is so common in our modern communities, flows from the want of

proper training of young men in the employment of money.

"The old Roman rule, that the debtor was to be regarded always as the possible slave of the creditor, is not now a basis of legal action, and American law no longer allows imprisonment for innocent debt. But neither the Roman rule nor our own former practice was without its basis of reason and equity. It is common to speak of the oppressed debtor, but in most cases debt is a voluntary thing. Few men incur it from necessity. In the great majority of cases, men who cannot pay their debts, especially young men, might have been able to do so if they had not wasted their means. A very small percentage of debtors habitually cut down their expenditures to the lowest possible point. Indeed, they would generally be considered 'mean' if they did so. The economies necessary for a man of small means to keep out of debt are very petty in amount and in character. They are inevitably annoying and irksome, and the strain on the will is constant. It is quite easy to regard them as contemptible. But they are in reality the reverse of that. They are essentially noble, and they add to, instead of detracting from, the dignity of the man who is capable of them. The old law was based on this fact, and punished and degraded the man who would not deny himself to pay his debts.

"Borrowed money, where the debtor does not know how he is to pay, and has no clear resources to depend on, is not the money of the borrower, but of the lender. And where the motive of the lender is not one of friendship, and the credit is given as a matter of business, no man has any right to borrow without knowing that he can pay, any more than he has the right to swindle. The promise of payment in such case is essentially a false pretense, and as unjustifiable as any other form of deception."

RISING IN THE WORLD.

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most young men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by a part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of economy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which lead us to fortune. He who enlarges his expenses as fast as his earnings increase must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XII.

Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Young.

THE fiercest fires must necessarily burn themselves out after a time. So passions must be exhausted and wrath wear itself away. Weary at last with the scene of blood, the crowd dispersed. The Bastille remained to be razed to the ground, and the keys thereof sent by Lafayette to Washington "as a trophy of the spoils of despotism."

Just before daybreak Vivian returned to his lodging. The events of the day and night had strongly impressed him; now that the insanity of passion had left him, he was nervous and apprehensive. Remorse that he had sanctioned the dreadful deeds of the day, was now his most prominent feeling. Where might not the passions he had helped arouse lead the people? He sat in his chair, and laid his burning head on the sill of the open window, now cool with the dews of early morning. The weary condition of his body overcame even the strong excitement of his mind, and he fell into a deep and troubled sleep.

He had not been sleeping long when the door of the room was softly opened, and Marie Latour entered. She gazed at him for a time with eyes of devouring love. She stepped noiselessly to his side and took his hand in hers, covering it with kisses. Still Vivian slept. Falling on her knees by his chair, she clasped him in her arms and pressed her lips to his cheek. The caress was as gentle as the breath of the morning zephyr. The young man stirred not. With a sigh that shook her heart's foundations, she arose, and with her eyes still bent upon him glided noiselessly to the door and passed down the stairs.

As she reached the street she saw

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a man with long, gray beard and disheveled hair, walking toward her. On his near approach she recognized the prisoner of the Bastille. As he paused beneath Vivian's window, he saw the weary head bent to its sound slumber. "Blessed be sleep!" he exclaimed in a yearning voice. "I can get no sleep. My brain is too hot with the fire of suffering!" With these words he passed along the street and disappeared.

"What are his sufferings now, and what were his prospects once?" moaned the unhappy girl. "Perhaps loving and beloved, and yet his life has reached its present point, and he is without friends, without love, without a home. Unhappy I love but am not loved in return. My despair has come already! What will it not be when I reach his age?" She, too, disappeared, and the sleeper awoke.

Immediately upon the return of consciousness the memory of the scenes of the previous night flooded upon him. He looked into the street. It seemed to swim in the blood of the victims of the Bastille. He even fancied his own hands were red. He thought he saw the glaring eyes of the imbecile who had been released from the dungeon, and instinctively he covered his eyes with his hands and shuddered at the memory. He could endure Paris no longer. He must go home.

This resolve was instantly carried out. Gathering his few belongings, he formed them into a compact bundle, paid his score, and was soon trudging lightly, but not joyously, toward his native village. He was ill at ease. He had been disappointed in the people. He had expected them to sustain the dignity of the toiling classes, but they had proven themselves brutal and unreasoning. He was now firmly convinced that worse scenes than those

just witnessed, awaited the people of France, before the nobility could be reduced to the common level, and the people made rulers.

After days of weary traveling, Vivian reached La Brede. The news of the Bastille's destruction had preceded him, and the people were wild with enthusiasm. Already they had given vent to their feelings by terrorizing the nobles dwelling in their vicinity, and Vivian saw with alarm that the fierce and blood-thirsty passions of the people were not confined to the rabble of Paris.

His mother greeted him with a feeling of joyous relief, for she had been apprehensive for his safety in the midst of the stirring scenes enacted in Paris. His recital of these was simple and to the point. His mother was most forcibly impressed, and folding him in her arms she begged him to remain at home and leave the fight to be carried on by others. Her widowed heart revolted at the thought of losing the only dear one now remaining to her.

The day following Vivian's return to La Brede, his neighbors came to bid him welcome. He spoke sadly to them of the scenes he had witnessed in Paris, and they were awakened to great zeal by his story, but they neglected to heed its warning features. They heard with satisfaction of the bloodshed in the city, and added the details of scenes of cruelty in the country, where the chateaus of the nobles had been burned, their other property destroyed, and many of the tax-gatherers tortured to death at the stake. Vivian's heart ached. His admonition to the villagers was, "My friends, what you now regard as meritorious deeds, you shall yet consider to the last degree criminal. The tyranny you exercise shall react upon you to your intense sorrow. Be wise and humane in the exercise of the power placed in your hands, and so will God judge and reward you!"

His words had their effect. The next day was free from scenes of lawlessness in the village of La Brede. As evening came on, Vivian and his mother sat under the vine near the door of the cottage, and she was again recounting to him the story of his father's labors and mysterious disappearance. A quiet gloom pervaded the atmosphere as the evening shadows began to fall, and sweet peace was breathed into the heart of mother and son.

Quietly and lovingly she conversed, and as her memory bridged the span of a score of years, Jeanne Duruy could imagine that her beloved Claude sat at her side and held her hand in his.

Their converse died out, and they sat absorbed in thought. Twilight was upon them, but it was not yet dark. The figure of a man appeared in the street in front of the house. He walked slowly and wearily, and his feet grated harshly on the uneven pavement. Vivian immediately recognized the prisoner of the Bastille. As the man approached the gate, he paused and looked intently at the house. Vivian and his mother arose, and the latter advanced toward the street. The light of intelligence, unaccustomed as it was to the seat, appeared upon the brow of the prisoner. With a joyous cry of "Jeanne! Jeanne! my darling!" he sprang through the gate and seized her in his arms. Claude Duruy had returned from his living grave.

The joy of the meeting and the delight occasioned by his temporary return to sanity, were too great for his strength. His already fevered brow became hotter, and almost before his wife could call the beloved name of husband and press her lips to his, he became delirious. Tenderly his son bore him to the couch, whereon, nearly twenty years before, he had left his delirious wife.

Oh, the irony of fate, that lifts us to a pinnacle where we may see the land of promise, and then slays us

lest we enter! With the glimmering of reason which flashed upon him for a moment, Claude Duruy saw wife, child, home, future hopes, all in brightness and glory before him. But that light faded like the lightning flash, and darkness settled down upon his vision as delirium overcame his mind!

Day and night the devoted wife and loyal son watched by the fevered bedside. The third week of his delirium was nearing its close, and the point of its greatest violence had been reached. The doctor had given promise that that night should witness the crisis.

Several of the neighbors, Claude Duruy's old friends, had come in to help watch at his bedside. He was very violent in his delirium, and the combined efforts of all were required at times to keep him on the bed. Toward midnight he fell into slumber, and the watchers became less vigilant. Suddenly he threw himself from the bed, ran to the other side of the room, and seized one of the villagers. "Paul Levon!" he hissed, "I owe you this for your cruelty. Why did you beat me like this? Why did you crush me to the earth with heavy manacles? Why did you swear falsely against me and drag me from the arms of my wife to a living tomb? Down, down to hell, where blacker fiends will not be found!"

It would have fared badly with the unhappy peasant who was now prostrate on the floor and almost strangled, had not the others rescued him and borne the patient to the bed. There he lay moaning and complaining of his treatment during the long and weary years of his imprisonment, until sympathetic tears flowed down the cheeks of all within the room, and the wife and child flung themselves into each other's arms, and wept and prayed together.

At last the change came. The fever died away. The eyes opened, and the glare of delirium gave place to the light of reason. He was again

conscious. His wife knelt at the side of his bed and laid her head upon his breast while he fondly stroked her hair and spoke to her in the terms of endearment of their early married life, for that period alone was present to his mind. He also took the hand of his tall, manly boy, and for a few minutes seemed absorbed in deepest thought. The other watchers respectfully left the room, and the re-united family was alone.

The view of the past followed, and each wept as the sorrows and trials of the others were narrated. Intrusion upon the only satisfying joy they had for nearly twenty years would not be proper; therefore the scene is left to the imagination of the reader.

At length the doctor came. He looked at the patient and silently departed. The clock was on the stroke of twelve. The patient raised himself wearily upon his elbow, and placed his free arm about the form of his wife. Something in his looks alarmed her. She hastily rose from her knees, seated herself upon the bed, and pillowed his head upon her breast. He tried once, twice, thrice to speak, and at last came the faint words, "My wife, my child, adieu! God calls—I must obey." One gasp, and he was dead!

God knows the grief of widow and orphan. Pen cannot describe it. With a wild shriek of despair, Jeanne Duruy fell to the floor. Her cry called the neighbors back to the room. Seeing the lifeless form upon the bed, they bared and bowed their heads and devoutly crossed themselves. Is there not a written law of Scripture, that the evil and the good deeds of the father shall bear sway upon the life of the child? And is there not, closely connected with this, and almost as sacred, the unwritten law that the wrongs of the father shall be avenged by the child? What wonder is it, then, that Vivian Duruy, standing by the dead body of his father, his mother, fainting with grief, lying at his feet, should have

taken an oath not to rest until the men and the government sanctioning such wrongs should be removed and the power given to those who would use it justly?

CHAPTER XIII.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint.

Burke.

Two days after the sad death of Claude Duruy his remains were interred in the churchyard, amid the lamentations of all the people of the village. The widow was heart-broken. After her long years of hope, she had met with bitterest disappointment. He whom she had expected to return to her and spend the latter years of his life in peace, surrounded by her love, had come home only to die. Only one element of comfort remained to her, and that was centered in the life of her son.

Over him an entire change had come. Previously buoyant and hopeful, he had now become moody and despairing. Thoughtfulness far beyond his years had developed in him. Towering above all his other feelings was one great desire—to avenge his father's death. Heretofore he had checked the youths of the village in their denunciation of the privileged classes; now he seemed willing to join them in their most extreme utterance.

He felt, however, that his duty was to remain home with his mother, at least until the effects of the blow she had sustained in the death of her husband should be diminished. He accordingly remained in the village, watching with intense interest the course of events in Paris, an echo of which was invariably sounded in the provinces of France. It is thought well to epitomize the leading events of this period, that the further progress of the story may be better understood.

Thoroughly alarmed at the action

of the mob in destroying the Bastille, and putting to death its officers and others deemed unfriendly to the people, the king came in person to the National Assembly and promised to meet their demands. Many of the nobility, considering their lives unsafe in France, migrated to other countries, and those who remained voted to destroy all relics of feudalism, and to place all the people of France upon the same social level.

This act would have produced the desired effect upon the peasantry if it had been voluntary and sincere; but not two months later a crowd of young, thoughtless courtiers at Versailles gave a banquet at the Theatre Royal, and during its course deliberately insulted the Third Estate. The people of Paris broke out into a fiercer rebellion than that of July 14. The crops had failed and the poor were starving; they surged through the streets, demanding bread. At last a band of women, almost blind with fury, marched to Versailles, followed unwillingly by Lafayette, leading the governmental troops. There they invaded the palace, and the queen barely escaped with her life. The entire royal family was brought to Paris, and the king found himself a prisoner in his own capital. To make the leveling of ranks throughout France more sure, and to provide for the people during the winter, the church lands were confiscated and paper money was issued upon this security. Then came the news that the king had taken an oath of allegiance to the representatives of the people.

In the spring of 1791 the attitude of the commons became more threatening, and it was apparent that they would be satisfied with nothing less than the abolition of the royal power. On June 25, 1791, almost two years after the death of his father, Vivian came in a state of great excitement to his mother.

"There is no king in France!" he shouted joyfully. "The name of

Louis XVI. has been erased from all public places, and the word 'royal' replaced by the word 'national!'"

"Why has this been done?" his mother asked.

"Because the king attempted to flee from France. Disguising himself as a servant, he escaped from his palace-prison and had almost reached the frontier of Belgium, when he was recognized and brought back to Paris."

"Why did he flee?"

"He was a traitor to his own country," was the indignant reply. "The enemies of France are gathering their armies on the frontier, and he desired to join them and direct their movements against his own people. Now the republic will be established."

With equal joy the young man learned that on July 20th the king had been practically deposed by the Assembly and placed under stricter guard. On the fourteenth of September, a constitution providing for a limited monarchy was signed by the king. Much interest was occasioned at La Brede by the fact that this instrument authorized the formation of a part of the province of Guienne into a department called LA GIRONDE, from the river of that name. This department was to send members to the legislative assembly appointed to meet immediately after the adjournment of the constituent gathering, on September 30, 1791. The legislative body began its work October 1st.

In the election of members of this gathering, the common people of La Brede, for the first time in many years, had the privilege of voting for their law makers. A glimpse of freedom, but it was as tantalizing in its lack of stability as the dream of escape to the life-long prisoner.

Vivian remained at home during the work of this assembly. At first he was overjoyed at its measures. It was divided into three distinct parties: the constitutionalists, who fa-

vored a limited monarchy; the extreme republicans, who desired a communistic government, and the Girondists, their leaders being from La Gironde, who wished a republican form of government like that existing in the United States.

The Girondists were in power. They passed acts lessening the authority of the king, but he vetoed them. The people were indignant. Rebellion began to appear above the surface. Jean Paul Marat mingled with the people, denouncing royalty and calling for assassination. The people were with him. Not knowing Marat's true character, Vivian almost idolized him. This popular outburst manifested itself in an attack on the Tuilleries where the king was imprisoned, and he was forced to wear the red cap of the tribune. In alarm he called for assistance from the other monarchs. They responded willingly, and soon an army was approaching the boundaries of France. In a furore of enthusiasm, the people of France prepared to meet it.

The Girondists and the constitutionalists had now fallen into disrepute, and the communistic Jacobins had gained control of affairs. Then all semblance of order was lost. The armies of France became mobs and passed through the streets singing the *Marsellaise*, "Ye sons of France, awake to glory," which never failed to arouse people to a high pitch of bloody enthusiasm.

As a climax to these scenes, a terrible massacre took place on August 10, 1792. The palace of the Tuilleries was attacked by the mob, captured and sacked. The Swiss guards were murdered. The king and the members of his family were forced to take refuge with the almost powerless assembly. Nearly five thousand people perished miserably in the streets of Paris on that day. For the first time came into full prominence the names of Danton, Robespierre and Marat.

Considering the near approach of the enemies of France, the policy of these leaders was to kill all the political prisoners in Paris, and thus ensure the people against revolt. Men, women, children, paupers and idiots shared a common fate. This jail delivery cost France fully ten thousand lives.

When the news of this event reached him, Vivian's heart was sick. He had hoped that the people would be reasonable and moderate in their course toward the upper classes, but he now saw that fiercer wrongs were to be committed by the people than had been perpetrated by the nobility. It was, therefore, with feelings of joy that he heard of the calling of the National Convention to meet September 21, 1792.

During the scenes above referred to, when helpless men, women and

children were put to death upon a slight pretext and with only a form of trial, when the heads of innocent women were carried in insolent triumph on pikes, and their bodies hacked to pieces in the streets, when children were tortured and slain because their parents were suspected of being royalists, the armies of the republic were engaged on glorious fields of battle against the invading enemies of France. They met defeat at first, but success was a later and more permanent attendant.

The election for the National Convention having been held, it was found that Vivian Duruy had been chosen a deputy from La Gironde. He accordingly departed for Paris, attended by the tears and lamentations of his mother, who knew well the dangers awaiting him.

Laertes.

(To be continued.)

AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

II.

It is profitable for us to know what promoted art to its high position in France, that we might profit by the example. Generally, writers give an outline of the aims, standing, and ability of painters who form links in the chain of art history from its earliest inception to the present time. I will not undertake to do this, for art development does not depend solely upon painters, but grows best in favorable surroundings and atmosphere. We will therefore refer to those conditions and influences which always favor the growth of art in any country or age, and ascertain to what extent they exist in France. A husbandman first makes sure that he selects sound seeds; his attention is next directed to the proper preparation of the soil, and its subsequent management and cultivation. So with art. The painter should disabuse his mind of all traditional theories

that are scattered over the art world by people who claim to be critics, but who are practically strangers to the art of painting, and must look to nature for inspiration, and entertain only those theories that the philosophy of nature will suggest. Next, high literary culture, and a deep enthusiastic love of poetry and music, should be national characteristics. National support and patronage is also a necessary feature.

Regarding the first of these propositions it may be said that the dawn of modern French art was inaugurated by Theodore Gericault, whose artistic career dated from 1791 to 1824. He was a painter who introduced thorough innovations with great boldness; and preferred fidelity to nature above all other aims. History informs us that his example proved a powerful stimulant to a series of succeeding painters. A close observer of the paintings in the galleries

of the Louvre can readily discern the new era, and trace it from the above date until the present time. Had it not been, however, for the sympathy of a cognate school of poetry, and the liberal patronage of the day, this new departure could not have survived the violent opposition that was hurled against it, by, I presume, the traditionized critic element; and it would have been buried, for a time at least, under the rubbish of musty theorism. As a student of French art, I can testify, under the highest conscientious conviction, that the Parisian artist of today is in harmony with the first proposition, and that his works are not without poetic feeling either, as some critics claim fidelity to nature will lead to.

We next glance over the relative arts which are very conducive to art development. I have already referred to a time when poetry extended her helping hand so effectually to her struggling little sister. And what added still more impetus to the promotion of this new art, was that its disciples paid sincere homage to literary culture, and were enthusiastic admirers of Dante, the great mediæval poet. They were also acquainted with poets and authors of other nations, drawing their inspirations from Shakspeare, Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Thus, literary culture and admiration for poetry and music has been handed down even to this realistic and practical age.

National support and patronage is not surpassed by any nation. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts, founded by the government in 1648, for teaching painting, sculpture, engraving, gem-cutting and architecture, has a staff of fifty professors, which is not only free to the sons of France, but her liberality has overflowed her borders, and other nations are recipients of this privilege; age, and successfully passing examinations as to certain knowledge in art and history, being the only qualifications necessary to enter the academy. Those French

students who obtain a prize in the different departments, are sent to Rome, at the expense of government, for four years. Of course this privilege is not extended to foreigners. The works these students send home every year, termed "grand prix de Rome," are annually exhibited. Such works having accumulated since the early part of the seventeenth century, form a most admirable collection.

There are also the galleries of the Luxembourg and Louvre. The former composed of choice paintings and sculpture, purchased by the government yearly from the famed salon exhibitions. When the painter of a picture (which has been honored with a place in the Luxembourg gallery) dies, the painting is removed to the Louvre. Hence the Luxembourg gallery is a feeder to the Louvre. Those two extensive galleries are open every day except on Mondays, and are free to all visitors. Native or foreign students have the privilege of copying any painting in these two galleries, which is an excellent opportunity for a gifted son or daughter to develop the divine art even though they are poor. France does not stop here. Her public parks and buildings testify to her liberal patronage of the arts. The statuary, monuments, fountain pieces, arches of triumph and gateways, are not mere decorations designed in the foundries and stone quarries, but are the productions of the minds of the world's greatest genius.

With all these conditions so favorable to art, there is still another feature that is absolutely essential to the perpetuation of the fine arts. One word, "morality," divines this very important fundamental principle of all human achievements. The sad condition of the civilized world in this respect has led me to draw particular attention to the subject. No matter how high the attainments of men have reached in the art of painting and sculpture, of poetry, litera-

ture and music, the terrible effects of immorality are sure, sooner or later, to drag the proud goddess of art into the mire of degradation and ruin. History has proven this too often to leave a single doubt upon the mind of any sensible man or woman. Swift judgment will most assuredly follow this sin in so momentous an age.

In view of the excellent examples which France and other nations who have attained glory and renown in the arts and sciences have given us,

and of the solid moral foundation on which the Gospel rests, may we not hope that the nucleus of a great nation or commonwealth inhabiting these Rocky Mountains shall yet build a structure whose magnificence will outshine anything the world has ever seen? This is certainly our destiny, if we will but diligently apply ourselves to the development of the talent God has given us, and to the keeping of His commandments.

John Hafen.

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARY WORK.

PRESIDENT J. G. KIMBALL,

Of the Southern States Mission.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

March 1, 1894.

The Contributor:

DEAR BRETHREN.—The privilege of answering important questions regarding the Southern States Mission and missionaries, affords me great pleasure. Your questions are important, and I shall answer them in the best possible manner, wishing it understood that perhaps said information and suggestions are only applicable to the Southern States mission.

The Southern States mission comprises the following States: south half of West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, Tennessee and Arkansas. The mission contains ten conferences, located at present in eight of the above States. We are not doing anything at this date in Georgia, Louisiana and Arkansas. Have prospect of making an opening in Texas, and have appointed two Elders for that purpose.

The headquarters are at Chattanooga, at a private residence on East Terrace, one of the fashionable streets of this beautiful city.

One hundred and twenty-eight

Elders are laboring in above-named States. The outlook is very encouraging that the number can be increased, should the brethren of the Authorities see proper to do so. Already openings are made for additional Elders.

An Elder being called of God as was Aaron, should remain in the field until he is released by that same authority. No definite time ought to be designated, as releases should depend upon the condition of missionaries' health, his family being provided for, and his usefulness in the mission, etc. Some could remain three years, two and one-half, two, and others eighteen months or one year. If two years is established as the time for releases, at least three months of their time, most useful to the mission, is lost in Elders making preparations to return. Let releases come unexpectedly and we get the benefit of all their time. Once let an Elder make up his mind to go home, and his usefulness is lost, and that of his companion. If we find such cases we release at once, regardless of time. When the president of a mission fails to have the confidence of his co-laborers that releases will come at the proper time, said president should be released. Missions are greatly hindered on account of this misunderstood prece-



HEADQUARTERS OF SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

dent, that two years is the appointed time for a mission. All should join in discouraging this false idea.

It is difficult to explain which is best adapted for missionary work, married or single men, as everything depends on their adaptation to such labors. Married men have greater responsibilities, unless single men have sweethearts in Utah, when the burdens are about equally divided. There are cases where wives discourage husbands, but not often. To the praise of the wives, be it said, they bear their trials better than some husbands, and it is through their encouragement that many remain from home. I cannot speak as to sweethearts, but presume they are just as valiant. If married and single men are equal in intelligence, we prefer them equally divided, so that we can pair them off, a married man with a single one. They can exchange experiences, and the single man is sure to get married as soon as he returns.

No Elder, however great his intelligence, who depends on money alone, will succeed as a missionary.

Men are naturally so independent when their wants are provided for, that I am fearful of the consequences. My confidence is somewhat shaken in a missionary who is provided with plenty of money, as his natural feelings predominate if persecuted, and he lacks that humility and faith that usually arise from a complete dependence on the Lord. Yet we are at sea when we come to travel without purse and scrip in visiting cities and towns. The citizens are usually proud and rich; they direct the Elders to hotels, refusing to feed them. The churches are all closed, excepting occasionally getting the use of the courthouse for one meeting. We are advised to rent a hall, and more frequently driven out. We can distribute tracts and go from house to house, visiting a city of thousands, too rapidly to be comfortable. Are we justified in leaving a city in this way, or does God expect us to use the means He has so abundantly blessed us with? This point I cannot answer. A man often feels on such occasions, if he had money he could hire a hall, pay for

food and lodgings, long enough to make a few friends and establish himself until prejudice was partially allayed. He would then have a conscience void of offense, feeling that every creature had been warned. There are as intelligent and noble people in the cities of the South as can be found; there must undoubtedly be many good people, yet in every case, in the past three years, we have failed to make an opening in any city. The Elders are not satisfied with this part of their labors, unless approved by the Presidency of the Church. I therefore conclude that there are countries, cities, circumstances and conditions where money could be used to an advantage and great good be accomplished. Men could be chosen adapted to this particular kind of labor, viz., visiting cities, and be furnished money, and yet trust in the God of Jacob and be directed by the guidance of the Holy spirit. Such men, however, will have to be *selected*, and their converts will be, "one of a city and two of a family." I am not one of those selected kind, therefore can only judge by my own experience as a traveling Elder, and careful investigation of the experience of other brethren laboring in the Southern States Mission. With money, or without it, a man not blessed with the Holy Ghost sufficient to direct him in advocating so unpopular a doctrine cannot succeed, so I conclude that the great majority of men, with few exceptions, do not, neither can they, exercise the same faith, when provided with plenty of money, as can the poor, humble, dependent servant of God, who feels that he is no better than his Master, and is entirely dependent on the mercies of God. There scarcely passes a day that the Lord in some way does not make manifest His power. These testimonies are so apparent, that the unbelieving young man sent out as a Mormon Elder, becomes convinced beyond contra-

dition. Send all your sons with plenty of money, and I promise you they will return but little improved and unconverted. Our mode of preaching the Gospel came from the Lord, and who dare be so presumptuous as to question His wisdom? If traveling without purse and scrip is not the most successful way, why did the Lord adopt the plan? Our most successful missionaries are those that follow counsel in making a good appearance as regards dress, and act gentlemanly, and go humbly forth in whatever direction instructed, leaving old, worn-out fields, and old fossilized friends, with moss growing on their backs, and are guided by the Holy Spirit, trusting not in the arm of flesh, or filthy lucre, and are not afraid of men, but say as the Savior did, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Southern missionaries use but very little money, unless it be in buying clothes and tracts.

I have traveled with money and was glad when it was gone. It was not until the money was spent that my prayers seemed to reach God. My importunities must be heard, for my dependency was self-evident. Such occasions are about the only times that our prayers reach our Father in heaven. I thank God for His plan, for it puts the brethren laboring for the cause of Christ all on a level, and it's about the only time we are on the same footing. Yes, the Southern States Elders heartily endorse traveling without purse and scrip.

Would recommend a training for prospective missionaries that they first become familiar with the history of their people, so that interesting lectures could be given. Also include in these lectures the moral, political and religious condition of our people. Elders at once, and almost invariably confine themselves to faith, repentance, baptism and the Holy Ghost, which should be the

grand object of a missionary's life, to make said principles foremost of all else. Yet some Elders cling as tenaciously to these four subjects as man does to life. They preach them for two years and but little originality is exercised, until it would make angels weep. People in the South are educated from childhood that we are a wicked, immoral and priest-ridden people. Believing this, when we at once commence preaching on faith, etc., they cry aloud, "Take your unholy hands from that holy Bible," and cry still louder, "away with such a man, it is not fit that he should live." They fail to see how an "impure fountain can bring forth pure water," or "figs can be gathered from thistles. My plan would be to use a little guile. Talk on subjects uppermost in their minds, viz., the history of our people and country, their moral, political and religious condition. Thus we allay prejudice, and may gain a few friends, after which we can preach the Gospel both loud and long.

The plan of conducting the mission is as follows: A president is appointed to preside over each of the ten conferences. Each pair of Elders is *required* to report every week to their president in the following manner: first, names of Elders; second, miles walked; third, meetings held; fourth, families visited; fifth, refused entertainment; sixth, baptisms; seventh, tracts distributed; eighth, county and State; ninth, remarks and comments regarding health, etc.

The president has ruled blanks, printed as above explained. He then makes up his report of conference, and mails report to the office at Chattanooga every week. Our information is clear, and our record complete. We know accurately what president and Elders are doing, as the following report for November and December, 1893 (two months), will prove: Number of miles pairs of Elders walked, 20,123; number of meetings held, 458; number of fami-

lies visited, 9,811; number of times refused entertainment, 1,436; number of tracts distributed, 12,772; also about \$40 in books given away to poor people.

Elders always travel two and two, and are positively instructed not to go alone. Each pair of Elders is given one county and directed not to leave it until thoroughly canvassed, going from house to house, and city to city, holding meetings in district schoolhouses and very poor ones at that, distributing tracts and conversing with people by the fireside. Fireside preaching is the only successful plan of proselyting in the South. The poor people do not always comprehend preaching. After a country is canvassed it is closed, but we do not forget friends or Saints in closed counties; they are visited as long as they will investigate.

June, July and August of each year are used in visiting our scattered Saints, numbering about sixteen hundred souls, teaching them the Gospel, calling sinners to repentance and excommunicating adulterers who will not repent. We had some difficulties with Southern people who emigrated, their minds all inflated, their imaginations enlarged regarding Zion and her people. Elders sometimes picture their country and homes to be grand beyond description. In fact when away, Utah to an Elder is a Garden of Eden and he so describes it. Promises are not always kept with these people, yet most of our Elders are very honorable men. These generous, kind, hospitable people worship at the shrine of the first Elder who brings them the Gospel, and love him better than the principles they have embraced. They often emigrate in this condition, only to be disappointed and discontented, and return to the South, misrepresenting us most shamefully, so much so, that fields were closed, and Elders lives endangered. The brethren of the Authorities stopped emigration, for the present,

and branches and Sunday Schools are being organized, hoping in this way to season the Saints to the faith, so that they will love the Gospel, and not tie to "the arm of flesh."

Our Elders are young men, as men over forty years of age cannot seemingly endure the hardships of the South. These brethren meet with much opposition, adversity and tribulation, yet, like Paul, they glory in tribulation, for it worketh experience, patience and hope. They represent our people honorably, and are heroes. We are making thousands of influential friends, who are honorable men. They will not embrace the Gospel, although they believe it, but will die protecting the Elders, if necessary. The mission is doing a great work and assuming considerable importance. We all feel proud of the Southern Mission, and trust our people at home will lay aside all prejudice, and feel as do the one hundred and twenty-eight Elders: "Whatever the Lord commands, do it."

Very truly yours, etc.,

J. G. Kimball.

PRESIDENT ANDREW KIMBALL,

Of the Indian Territory Mission.

I. The Indian Territory Mission, separate and apart from any other field, is composed of the Indian Territory proper and Oklahoma, a large area of country inhabited by a great variety of people. The eastern portion of this land is occupied by the five civilized tribes: Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, about seventy-five thousand, including the mixed whites and adopted citizens, besides about as many white people—renters, business men, school teachers, and other people living in the Indian country. In the west there are something like thirty remnants of tribes of wild Indians; and Oklahoma Territory, allotted lands formerly owned by the

Indians, fully twenty million acres, which has a population of fully one hundred and fifty thousand white people from the various parts of the world, principally the south and west of the United States, making a population of nearly three hundred thousand in all.

II. We have fourteen Elders employed, six in Oklahoma which promises to be a good field, and other eight amongst the civilized tribes.

III. Our field is comparatively new as yet and we are constantly increasing the number of workers. Our field with its present dimensions will accommodate from twenty-four to thirty Elders. As Texas, Arkansas, and Kansas join Indian Territory, where but little is being done in the preaching of the Gospel, I believe they will yet become the south-western states mission, and use a hundred Elders where we now have use for twenty.

IV. I do not think an Elder can accomplish much good short of two years. Very few amount to much until they have been in the field one year, because, as a general rule, our young men serve their apprenticeship in the field, where journeymen's labor is expected of them, instead of at home.

Owing to the malarial influences of the Indian Territory I am convinced that twenty-two months is long enough for an Elder to be exposed. By taking advantage of the early fall in the beginning we thereby avoid the second late summer which is always the hardest on our mountain boys.

V. Unmarried men are generally the most successful. It would not necessarily be so, if our men of families were more temperate in their indulgences at home, and possessed of sufficient faith to leave their loved ones in the hands of the Lord. A divided mind is not successful; the majority of married men think too



HOME OF WM. H. HENDRICKS, MANARD, I. T.*

much of their wives when away from them. Unmarried young men, not deeply in love, leave all behind and concentrate their all on the mission, thereby, through their love and devotion, they succeed best.

VI. Elders traveling without purse or scrip are usually the most successful, though those who do in reality, are very few, as the construction of that passage of Scripture, is usually made to imply, "without pay or without price for preaching." We

are so constituted that but few would put up with the indignities put upon our Elders, had they money to pay their way; and if people are compensated for accommodations, their reward is in this life, and they are therefore not in a position to claim a blessing through the Elders, from the Lord. But few Elders are worth their keep the first few months of a mission, consequently the poor people are in many instances imposed upon. An Elder depending upon

* Manard is a scattered farming settlement situated near the stream "Bayou." The post office and store belonging to Mr. Hendricks, about the center of the neighborhood, are about eight miles from Fort Gibson, an evacuated United States barracks in the western part of the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. A quarter of a mile from Bayou is the house of Hon. William H. Hendricks, half Cherokee and half white. Since the spring of 1883, when Elders George Teasdale and M. W. Dalton were led by inspiration to the house of our

noble Indian friend, the above log cottage and surroundings have been the home and headquarters of our Mormon Elders. As yet Mr. Hendricks has not embraced the Gospel though a firm believer. His wife, "Auntie" as we call her, has been a faithful member for years.

Immediately over the way, on an opening in the forest on the estate of Mr. Hendricks, is our meeting house, built by the Elders and considered the finest log house in the nation, size, 16 x 30, and will accommodate over one hundred persons.

the Lord is sure to succeed best, because there is no other alternative than to rustle. Many times those with money in their pockets avoid the very circumstances which would give them the proper experience; whereby they could get the spirit of their mission and prove the Lord. Let an Elder go well dressed, make a proper appearance, and he cannot escape being designated a minister; without funds he naturally evokes either criticism or sympathy. The idea of a gentleman, a man of culture and refinement, a man of means and business ability, a farmer, a mechanic, an independent man subjecting himself to the insinuations of an uncharitable world for their sake, is beyond a question, the true disciple of Jesus Christ. I would recommend Elders traveling in our part of the world to go well provided with proper clothing and equipment with little or no money, or in reality "without purse or scrip with which to pay their way."

VII. A proper training for a Mormon Elder is a complete education in all branches. Humble missionaries depending upon the Lord for guidance cannot be too well educated. The great trouble with many of our young men is they get a smattering of education and think they know it all. True education causes one to realize how little he really knows. While I believe our young men cannot be too well versed in our own books, a thorough knowledge of the Bible is indispensable. Knowing as we do that we have the living oracles, we could get along without the old Bible, but we must be versed in that book to prove to the world our position. I maintain that a thorough and systematic training in Bible proofs to substantiate our position is the most necessary. Every Elder should know the books of the Bible and where to turn for every proof needed. After this, the history of the world and Christianity, the establishment of the Church of

Christ, organization, doctrines, ordinances, laws and ceremonies, gifts and blessings, apostasy from, and restoration of the Gospel, and a complete knowledge of Church history from the restoration to the present time should be learned. I am heartily in accord with the Manual system of training, but deplore the mechanical groove into which many of our theological students are falling. Originality should be encouraged that fixed personal ideas and prepared sermons may be avoided. Let our youth fill their minds like a well-filled and carefully arranged storehouse, where the owner can put his hands on any article needed, and when that knowledge is required the Holy Ghost will bring it forth to the overcoming of false doctrines.

Our Elders should not be surpassed by the world in any branch of education and culture; as gentlemen we should lead; as moralists we should always be at the top; as temperate, virtuous and pure-minded men, we should be exemplars; as social beings we should excel, and as the true disciples of Christ in very deed we should lead the world; in fact a Mormon Elder should be one of the most practical of men. Cultivate faith and true reliance in the Lord, through which source alone true confidence comes; also be self-denying; kind-hearted, good-natured, considerate of companions and all people, always perfering others to self. Cultivate neatness, cleanliness and every good trait of character. Music is a great help. I would recommend every young man to learn how to sing, and wherever practicable to play an instrument. Musical ability and conversational qualities aid an Elder in establishing friendship and finding homes and in allaying prejudice preparatory to preaching the Gospel. Every act of a missionary's life and every move he makes should be an index to, and in keeping with his profession. *Andrew Kimball.*



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MEETING HOUSE, MANARD, I. T., AND GROUP OF ELDERS AND SAINTS.

PRESIDENT C. A. CARLQUIST,
Of the Scandinavian Mission.

COPENHAGEN, March 12, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Yours of Feb. 23rd to hand, and it is with much pleasure that I try to answer the different questions. Will say in reply to the first, the Scandinavian Mission embraces Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Schleswig. At present we have in the field, missionaries as follows: In Denmark, 46; in Sweden, 47; in Norway, 15; in Schleswig, 1. Myself with two writers for our "Stars," here in the mission office, making a total of 112, all from Zion. Then we have four native Elders laboring in Sweden.

In answering the third question, I can say: We could use more than twice as many Elders in Sweden and Norway, and several more in Schleswig (those for Schleswig should have

relatives there to protect them from banishment). Many of the Elders in Sweden and Norway are over-worked, having too many appointments to fill. The writer spent the first ten months of his mission in Sweden, during which time he preached in two hundred and thirty-seven meetings.

In reply to the fourth question, I would say: If a man is somewhat familiar with the customs and the languages of these countries, which would enable him to start right to work as soon as he arrives, then I should say two years about right, but if he has to learn the above named points before being ready to do anything, then I should say a little longer. It is, as a rule, the fact that most Elders can do more good the last six months of their two years' stay than they could the first twelve months.

The fifth question is a hard one to

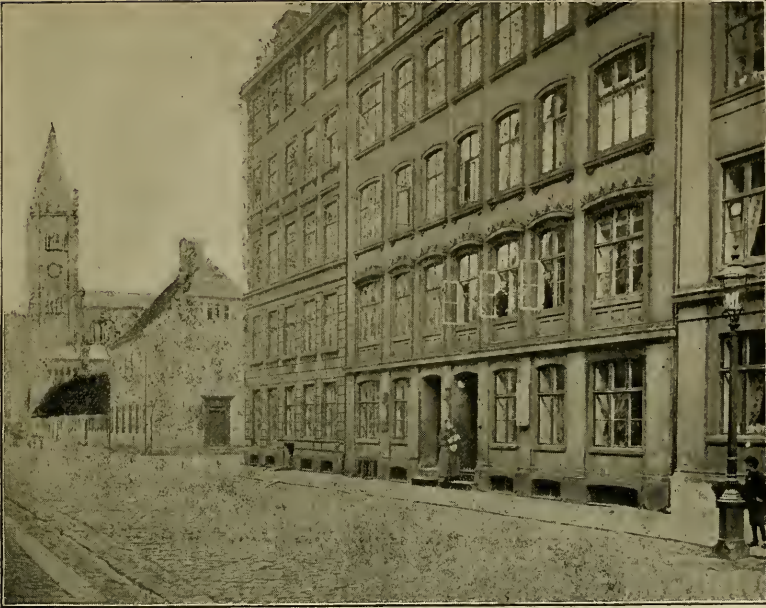
answer. Can say that more mistakes have been made by single men while in the mission field than by married. The family ties at home helps the married man wonderfully, besides being familiar with family life he can gain the confidence of more people than one not married. I would, therefore, give it as my opinion that, as a rule, married men are best adapted to the requirements of this mission; but one should not be too old, if he is the long distances are more than he can stand to walk, and the food is often poor.

In answering the sixth question I must say that as a rule, the Elders who are provided with money can do more good than those without it. Because an Elder has money he need not use it only as necessity demands. But, if he happens to come into a city where people would be willing to hear him, if he had money, he could hire a hall, pay for advertisements, and thereby open the door perhaps for future work. Then the Elders have to give away many tracts, and often have to pay for their own living. In some instances, the branches are too poor to pay for the little hall which the Saints meet in, and the Elders have to assist them in this. Clothing cuts a big figure in this country and a man shabbily dressed can not get access to as many people as the one well dressed. Besides being missionaries, I look upon it that we are "representative men," representing God's people, and by our neat appearance we can remove many of the old prejudices which now exist.

The last question, the seventh, "what training would you recommend for a prospective missionary?" I would answer like this: The first principles of the Gospel, the order of the Priesthood, Church organization and history, the forms revealed for administrations, respect for others' feelings and love for all men. For prospective Scandinavian missionaries I would suggest study of the lan-

guages and subscribing for our "stars" which are published in this office, whereby they could be familiar with the workings in these lands. I also send you a photograph of the building No. 14 St. Paul's gade, Copenhagen, (the street deriving its name from St. Paul's Church in the background) in which the mission office has been since the fifteenth of April, 1856. The four windows on second floor (marked 1, 2, 3, 4,) are our front.

Apostle Erastus Snow came here to open the Gospel door June 14, 1850, and returned home March 4, 1852. John E. Forsgreen took charge of the mission until December 20, 1852. Willard Snow having been appointed, presided till August 18, 1854; John Van Cott presided till January 29, 1856; Hector C. Haigh presided till February 4, 1858; C. Widerborg presided till November 23, 1859; John Van Cott (second mission) presided till May 1, 1862; Jesse N. Smith presided till April 10, 1864; Samuel L. Sprague presided till August 1, 1864; C. Widerborg (second mission) presided till September 15, 1868; Jesse N. Smith (second mission) presided till July 15, 1870; W. W. Cluff presided till June 15, 1871; Knud Peterson presided till June 20, 1873; C. G. Larsen presided till June 25, 1875; N. C. Flygare presided till June 23, 1876; O. N. Liljenquist presided till December 1, 1877; A. W. Carlson (President pro tem.) presided till January 9, 1878; N. C. Flygare (second mission) presided till August 30, 1879; Nils Wilhelmsen presided from August 30, 1879, until his death August 1, 1881, when Andrew Jenson was appointed President pro tem. until September 1, 1881; C. D. Fjeldsted having been appointed, presided till April 1, 1884; Anthon H. Lund presided till October 15, 1885; N. C. Flygare (third mission) presided till October 1, 1888; C. D. Fjeldsted (second mission) presided till October 1,



HEADQUARTERS OF SCANDINAVIAN MISSION, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

1890; Edward H. Anderson presided till September 22, 1892; Joseph Christiansen presided till May 11, 1893; C. A. Carlquist presides now.

I have given you all the information now that I thought would interest you, and hope you may find material enough in same for an article in *THE CONTRIBUTOR*. The Elders now in the field are all feeling first rate and doing a good work, and the prospects for the future look bright. I am feeling as well as I possibly can, being away from home. I love to work for the advancement of God's work upon earth and hope always to be found willing to do so, at home or abroad. May God bless His own work and all His servants, is my prayer. Yours in the Gospel,

C. A. Carlquist.

PRESIDENT R. M. STEVENS,
Of the Samoan Mission.

FAGALII, UPOLU, SAMOA,
April 9th, 1894.

Editor Contributor:

This mission embraces the Samoan and Friendly groups, and also all

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islands adjacent thereto. In the Samoan group there are ten inhabited islands, but three of which (Savaii, Upolu and Tutuila) have been very extensively worked by the Elders. Some of the smaller islands have been visited, and one of them (Aunuu) was the first permanent landing place of Elder J. H. Dean and party when the mission was established by him in June, 1888; but there still remain several islands towards the eastward where the Gospel has not as yet been preached, to my knowledge. I refer to Manua, which, according to the tradition of the natives (this tradition also agrees with Book of Mormon history) were the first islands of this group to be inhabited by descendants of Laman who left the shores of South America many hundred years ago and were drifted by heavy winds to these, then remote, islands of the sea. We anticipate making an opening on that group in the near future.

With the Friendly Islands, I am not so well acquainted, having not yet visited the Elders who are labor-

ing there; but there are a large number of islands in that group, and many of their inhabitants must yet have the privilege of hearing the everlasting Gospel. In this field there are now twenty-seven Elders and four sisters engaged as missionaries. The present number will very likely be somewhat increased, as new fields of labor are opened upon the various islands. We have found it quite necessary to keep Elders stationed in pairs in the various districts where branches are established, as the natives are not yet sufficiently schooled in the Gospel to be left to themselves. In these branches the Elders are engaged in holding meetings, teaching school, and looking after the general welfare of the Saints. Besides being a minister of the word of the Lord to that particular branch where he is called to labor, every Elder is also supposed to be a school teacher. In consequence of this but little traveling from place to place can be done.

It is the opinion of the writer that, under ordinary circumstances, three years is about long enough for a missionary to remain in this field before being released. The majority of the Elders acquire a very fair knowledge of this language in a year and a half or two years; but a very few of those who have been here that length of time being unable to express themselves clearly in the native tongue. In acquiring the Samoan language, it is noticeable that those Elders who have previously studied some foreign language, and are fairly acquainted with English grammar, advance most rapidly. It must be understood, however, that scholastic attainments are but of a secondary nature, and that unless they are coupled with such qualities as humility, patience and perseverance they are more detrimental than beneficial to their possessor.

Taking all things into consideration, I think married men best adapted to the requirements of this

mission. As a rule they are more contented than those who have left a "girl" behind them, and, as contentment is very necessary to advancement and success in any undertaking, they have the advantage in that respect. Those who are required to remain at the Mission Home must have the necessary means to provide for their wants, but Elders who are out in their fields of labor most of the time require but little money, having their food provided and their clothing washed by the native Saints. However, as the natives wear but very little clothing themselves, they can provide none for missionaries.

In my opinion a humble servant of God can be quite as successful, if not more so, with as without money, being enabled thereby to reach the more wealthy classes.

For a prospective missionary, I would recommend a thorough training in the first principles of the Gospel and, in this connection, a knowledge of how to perform aright the sacred ordinances of the Church should be specially considered. How sad one feels when an Elder comes from Zion and upon his being asked to anoint the sick with oil, or to perform any other ordinance, he is compelled, through lack of knowledge, to say: "I don't know how to perform the ordinance!" How can one perform his duty without first knowing something about how it should be done? And how very embarrassing it must be for one to be told just what to do and say? Thus it is with many good young men, who have the work of the Lord at heart, but whose training in the proper performance of the ordinances thereof has been sadly neglected. In this respect I, for one, feel that there is great need of a speedy reformation in the midst of the young men of Zion. We may think there is plenty of time to ponder over such things after being called to take a mission; but how much better a previous preparation would be!



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

Many a young missionary's career of usefulness is greatly retarded by first having to learn the Gospel before he is able to teach it intelligently to his fellowmen—by his having to be trained in the performance of certain ordinances after he has gone out into the world as a messenger of salvation. The proper place for every young man in Israel to acquire a competent knowledge of the Gospel and how to rightly perform its sacred ordinances, is right at home in Zion. Just as it is impossible to draw water from an empty well, so also is it impossible for us to give to the world that which we do not ourselves possess. The Lord has said: "Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek ye learning even by study and also by faith." Thus we are commanded by the Lord to prepare ourselves for the mighty responsibilities which, in His providence,

He may see fit to place upon us. It behooves us, therefore, to be wide awake, and embrace every possible opportunity to improve our minds and implant within our hearts a lasting knowledge of those glorious Gospel truths which we have been taught to regard above all earthly things.

Let us, as faithful stewards, make good use of the gifts and talents which God has so bounteously bestowed upon us.

Praying the Lord to bless all Israel, and especially the youth of Zion, I am pleased to remain your humble brother in the Gospel of peace,
R. M. Stevens.

SECRETARY B. GODDARD,
Of the Australasian Mission.

A brief review of the Australasian colonies will enable the readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR to comprehend more clearly the importance of the labors

of the Elders in the Antipodean territory.

Australasia includes the five Australian colonies, viz: Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia, with a total area of 3,030,506 square miles, and a population of 3,176,116; Tasmania with a total area of 26,215 square miles, and a population of 153,144; New Zealand with a total area of 104,471 square miles, and a population of 692,426, including 41,993 Maoris, or Aborigines of the islands; besides the Figi, Chatham, Stewart and adjacent isles. According to the annual report of December 31, 1893, the total membership in the mission is 2,353, children under eight years of age 841; total number of souls 3,194, of this number 2,933 are Maoris, and 261 Europeans. The latter figures represent the total number of European members in the Church, out of a total population of nearly four millions of people. Fortynine of these are resident in Queensland and Victoria, where six Elders are laboring, and the rest are in New Zealand. Two Elders were recently despatched to Tasmania, and are now endeavoring to open up a new field there.

Fifteen Elders in the Australasian Mission are devoting their time exclusively in preaching the Gospel to the white population. The spirit of enquiry, now manifest among the people, convinces us that more laborers are needed to carry the warning message to this vast population, as we can only spare, out of our present force, one Elder to every 265,000 inhabitants.

The Maori Mission comprises twelve conferences, in which thirty-three Elders are laboring among the natives. The peculiar condition of the Maori members renders it necessary for these Elders to devote most of their time visiting, encouraging, and teaching the Saints, and hence very little attention can be given to the thirty-eight thousand seven hun-

dred Maori non-members. The majority of these have not yet been taught the principles of eternal life, and a few of the Elders, familiar with the Maori language, could accomplish a great amount of good by returning to their former fields of labor.

The recent publication of "Ready References," in Maori, is infusing new life into many districts, and awakening an interest in the work of God among many outsiders.

As this part of the Lord's vineyard is about seven thousand miles from Zion, it is necessary for Elders laboring among Europeans to stay about two and a half years, and, as much time is consumed by other Elders in learning a new language, they cannot be spared in less than three years.

Married or single men are adapted for our work here, but it is not advisable for the first named to bring their wives.

Elders, laboring among the Maoris, travel almost exclusively on horseback, the members generously furnishing the horses, and, as the natives are an exceedingly hospitable people, the brethren can travel without purse and scrip.

The Europeans, however, do not possess this trait of character, and the depressed condition of trade in the Colonies has thrown vast numbers out of employment who now constitute a traveling population. The Elders, therefore, suffer many hardships, and possibly lose influence if unable to provide for themselves.

Prior to 1881 the Elders laboring in Australasia devoted all their time among the Europeans, and quite a number of Saints have gathered to Zion from these islands. As no mission records were kept prior to that time, no particulars can be given of the work done.

During the presidency of Elder William M. Bromley, an effort was made to introduce the Gospel unto the natives of New Zealand. According



CHURCH AT PORIRUA, NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

to the mission records the first Maori baptized into the Church was a native named Ngataki, on the eighteenth of October, 1881. He was subsequently excommunicated for adultery.

During the year 1882 several attempts were made to present the revealed truths of the Gospel to the natives, in various parts of the colony, and in Waikato district a number were baptized about the end of the year, but they were subsequently scattered and fell away from the truth.

One year later, however, the work was taken up and permanently established, commencing in Wairarapa district, in the south part of the North Island. Elder W. T. Stewart was president of the mission at that time.

It was soon found necessary for all the Elders in the mission to learn the native tongue and devote themselves exclusively to this labor, and it was therefore deemed expedient

to allow the European work to rest for a season. Since that time the mission has been presided over successively by Elders William Paxman, A. T. Wright, J. S. Bingham, William T. Stewart (second term), and William Gardner. The latter commenced his labors as president of the mission in December, 1893, having previously labored among the Maoris from June, 1884, to November, 1887.

During the year 1893, it was deemed advisable to recommence the work among the Europeans in New Zealand, and Elders were appointed to this labor upon both islands.

It is very desirable that energetic work should be done in the near future. The Elders now in the mission are doing much good, many of them are young men but their youth enables them to learn the language readily. For the European work, however, especially in the large centers, a number of experi-

enced, middle-aged Elders are very much needed. Prospective missionaries should earnestly strive to qualify themselves for the work of the Lord before receiving their calls. We would respectfully recommend all such to study carefully biblical and ecclesiastical history, and for work among Europeans, especially in the principal cities, it is advantageous to be acquainted with the history of the leading sectarian churches, and the erroneous teachings of modern Christendom. Missionaries should, of course, be familiar with the principles of the Gospel, and have some experience in public speaking and a talent for singing should be cultivated. If every Elder possessed these qualifications much better progress would be made, and greater satisfaction would be experienced by all.

Encouraging reports are now being received from the various conferences, and a great demand is being made for Church literature. We are so far removed from headquarters that it is difficult to obtain a supply of tracts sufficient for the requirements of the mission. We desire to flood the country with the message of warning, in both languages. To accomplish this successfully, it may be necessary to establish a printing department in the mission, and our Maori Saints are prepared to lend valuable assistance unto this end. A hymn book, containing suitable pieces in the Maori language, is also very much needed, as our members meet twice a day in all our native branches for worship, and we are compelled to present for use books containing erroneous doctrines.

The photograph, sent herewith, represents the church and Maori village at Porirua, near Wellington. The members are very exemplary Latter-day Saints, and many of them appear in the photograph. President William Gardner stands to the right of the picture, near to Wi Neera Te Kanae, the first counselor of the

branch, and a leading chief in the Ngatitoa tribe, the clerk of the mission, Elder B. Goddard, being seated near them. The residences shown in the picture are all Maori homes of Latter-day Saints.

The readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR will observe that old Maoridom is rapidly passing away and the natives are now adopting European customs. It is earnestly hoped that as they advance into the light of Gospel truth they may be preserved from many of the debasing and contaminating influences of so-called Christianity. Unto this end the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are earnestly laboring, "preaching the Gospel as a witness unto all nations," and warning them of the coming judgments of the Almighty.

B. Goddard.

PRESIDENT KARL G. MAESER,

Of the California Mission.

17½ OAK STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

CAL., Mar. 7, 1894.

Editor Contributor:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your favor of the 8th inst. is at hand, to which I will endeavor to reply from the best information at hand.

So far as I can learn, the California Mission does not include any other states than that of California, in which there are at present six Elders laboring as missionaries, exclusive of Apostle F. M. Lyman, Elder B. H. Roberts and myself, as follows: Elder Alva S. Keller, of East Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., who is laboring in and around Sacramento; Elders Geo. H. Maycock, of Ogden, and Henry B. Williams, of Mill Creek, who are laboring in and around San Bernardino; J. D. Cummings, of Mill Creek, and Ezekiel L. Blodgett, of North Ogden, who are laboring in and around San Francisco. Bishop Elmer Taylor, of Juab, is at present laboring with Elders Maycock and Williams.

Elder B. H. Roberts has been delivering a course of lectures in San Bernardino of late, which we feel sure will result in much good in that section, and will greatly assist those who are laboring in that place.

As to the number of missionaries needed in the field, I would say that at present there is ample labor for four good energetic Elders in San Francisco, and the cities on the east side of the bay—Berkley, Oakland and Alameda, as there are more enquiring after the Gospel in those places than the present force are able to visit. While those of Sacramento and San Bernardino have no very flattering prospects, but are living in hopes of finding some who are desirous of learning and embracing the truth.

We think a missionary who is able to fill a mission at all, should remain at least two years, as the nature of the people of California is such that one cannot get himself thoroughly initiated and perform much useful labor in less time.

As to whether married or single men would be best adapted to the requirements of the mission, I would suggest that either would do, provided they are able to withstand the many temptations that are so openly placed before them. All are married men who are here at present.

We have not had any Elders who have attempted to travel without means from home, so we could not answer that question definitely. But our opinion is that the people of California have been so badly overrun with unscrupulous tramps as well as multitudes of honest unemployed persons, that their naturally generous disposition is beginning to be affected, and we find that the great majority are getting tired of those who ask for a bed and a meal.

We would suggest that those who anticipate filling a mission in this State should be very careful to post themselves in relation to "who was the legal successor of Joseph Smith,

the Prophet," as there are so many of the "Re-organized" or "Josephite" Church, who claim that their present leader was ordained to that position by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that President "Brigham Young usurped that position."

It is also very desirable that, as far as possible, only those who are possessed of a goodly degree of confidence, who are able to lead out fearlessly in the face of that class of opposition which comes from apostates and those who have been isolated from the body of the Church for a great many years, should be sent there; there are a great many of those classes to be met with in almost every city and village in the State, and we find them the most stubborn and aggressive.

A thorough knowledge of the principal events in the history of the Church is very necessary in order to meet the accusations of some who like to blame the Church for all the crimes, both real and imaginary, that have transpired in Utah since the Saints first settled there.

We think the prospects for getting the Gospel before the people of California are very promising, and if we can secure the co-operation in the future of more good laborers, we feel confident that much good will result. There is a nice "branch" in San Francisco with an enrollment of over eighty members, and another in Sacramento with a membership of fourteen, while on the east side of the San Francisco Bay there are enough to make a good strong branch, which will soon be organized, and we feel quite sure that the Saints in Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego will also be organized into branches, as there are quite a number who still claim a standing in the Church in these places.

Praying for the welfare of Zion and for the success of the California Mission, I subscribe myself,

Your Brother in the Gospel of Christ,
Karl G. Maeser.

A TRIAL OF HEARTS.

FIRST PRIZE PIONEER DAY STORY.

HART RICHFIELD touched the horse lightly with his whip, then leaned back in the buggy-seat, and drew a long breath of enjoyment.

It was six o'clock in the morning. The country road over which he drove was rutless and grass-edged; some of it lined with cottonwood trees, their satiny, green leaves twinkling and twinkling in the noiseless morning breeze. On either side were meadows of lucerne and long stretches of tilled fields, many of them with a lark perched like a sentinel on the fence-pales, alternating their near plaintive cadence with the faint calls of a fellow songster somewhere in the distance. Over in the east the indigo peaks were tinting up with reflections cast by patches of sunrise-reddened cloud, poised like kites in the sky above. The air was dewily cool, as if blown from the surface of some crystal stream, and its breath, and the hush, and all the sweet freshness and fragrance of the morning made Hart's pulses glow with absolute delight.

The sense of a new birth of time and the world, which the sight of an early dawn brings even to jaded hearts—was it not three-fold keen with this lusty young fellow hardly out of his teens, strong, hopeful, ambitious, with life's thousand avenues of effort and achievement open before him? And then, too, to be experiencing at this particular time a first touch of that "perennial sorcery of the world"—love; and to be upon this particular morning on his way to an opportunity of seeing, and being, and conversing with its object—was it wonder that the air and landscape and dawn should hold magnified enchantment.

It was a holiday—the Twenty-fourth, and *she* was to be his partner to a picnic at Hilton's Farm, or Hilton's "Grove," as it had been newly christened since the street cars ran there. They were to meet the rest

of the "crowd" at seven o'clock, and he had just an hour to ride out to the mouth of the canyon where she lived, and join the others at the ward schoolhouse, from whence they were to start.

The "crowd" were six inseparable young couples (of which he and Millie were members) who considered any pastime insipid which lacked the full complement of their number in its participation. Not any of them were engaged *yet*; but the pairing of these young fledglings meant some pretty mating and nesting in future time, though the majority of the sextette would have blushing and cynically disclaimed any present idea of such serious and important prospects.

Hart had little to do in the way of talk, but he had no bashfulness in owning to himself about Millie. She was to be "his girl" always, as now, if only she remained willing. He could answer for his own sentiments, and as to their families—no room for doubt existed with regard to them.

The pleasure had been embarrassingly manifest. Hart's nerves grew tense yet at the remembrance of the open congratulations which had taken place at the ward entertainment between their respective parents, upon the evident liking of the young people for each other, when his and Millie's "beauing" was as yet but a fortnight old. It had almost "broken it up" at first, but the sentiment had proven too strong to be snapped by the little gust of bashfulness and self-consciousness which followed—and it had come now, to all but an open understanding between them.

He was to take a two years study of dentistry in New York to equip himself with a profession, and if when he came back, she was still the same, they would be married. This thought, too, helped to tinge the wonderful morning.

How cool and green the hills looked near at hand, with their shadows filtered into half-tones by the morning sunshine. A pretty spot for a home, with the pines and cedars running down the hill slopes to the very edge of the yard.

The house was set back from the street under a shade of poplar and cottonwood trees, and Hart leaned down, trying to catch a glimpse of the doorway under them, before getting out of the buggy. He thought she might be on the porch waiting. Then he tied the hitching-strap to a tree, and went in.

The front door was open, and Hart rapped on it, a little girl came into the hall from a side room. It was Millie's sister.

"Hello, Fanny," said Hart. "Is Millie ready?"

"No. She aint going."

"Not going! why what's the matter! Is she sick?"

"No," said Fannie. "She aint sick. She can't go. Pa won't let her."

"Can I see her a minute?" asked Hart, confidently.

"She told me to give you this," said Fannie in answer, handing him a note. The child acted shy and strange, something entirely new to Hart's long acquaintance with her.

"She said to read it when you was alone," went on Fannie, as Hart, with characteristic directness was about to break the seal and at once settle the mystery.

"Oh!" said Hart. He turned away quietly, satisfied that something more serious than he could imagine had caused this strange and formal proceeding. Once away from the house he opened and read her letter. It contained the following:

"Dear Hart!

"Father has refused to let me go to the Grove with you today, and he has also told me to tell you that you can't come to see me any more. It is something about that case that was tried in court the other day.

He says that your testimony not only betrayed and sacrificed your brother, but the principles of your Church as well. You know, dear Hart, just how father feels about these things, and I hope you will not blame me for what I believe to be his unjust judgment. I know you too well to believe for a moment that you would do anything that your conscience could reproach you for, and I am sure you can explain all to your own and father's satisfaction. Try not to be angry with him or me, and believe that I am, as ever,

"Your loving,
"Millie."

Hart crumpled the note into his pocket with an indignant and impatient gesture. Not because of Millie. He could ask for nothing sweeter nor fuller than her expression of sympathy, but his clear conscience and the double blow he had received through his disappointment and pride, made him unable to suppress a swift feeling of resentment against the man who had punished him in so harsh a way for an uncommitted, or at least purely innocent fault.

The facts of the matter were these: In the trial of his half-brother for polygamy, Hart had been called upon to testify in the case, and the sharp examination had called forth certain damaging statements against the defendant. The second marriage, in fact, had been of too long duration and too publicly acknowledged to make possible a successful defense under any circumstances, and Hart had but followed the instructions of his brother in answering frankly as to what he knew in regard to the reputed relation existing between the two. It ended in six months' sentence, which the brother was now fulfilling with every show of patience and cheer. This was the gist of the circumstances which had called down upon him David Hurst's unexpected anger. Hart was too well acquainted with the man's character to be at all

surprised at the step, if the latter believed him really culpable.

No fault on earth, there was, that could not be more easily pardoned by him, than that of turning in any way against the Church—Mormonism being to him a jewel, in whose defense he would elect as willingly to die as live.

For his devotion, nothing, indeed, could be but praise. Hart had been forced always to admire the strict integrity—the uncompromising adherence to principle which was his predominant trait of character—a trait as fixed as the hills to the earth. He came of a long line of Calvinistic ancestors who were as willing to be burnt, as they were to burn, for religious conviction; as willing to sacrifice a son, as an enemy to principle; and the trait had descended in direct force to David Hurst, making him, in any serious or important matter, a stern antagonist to compromise or quibbling, and in the question of his religion ready to become a voluntary martyr rather than slight its cause. With this commendable integrity and fervor, however, there was a fault of temperament which made his zeal sometimes objectionable, unmingled as it was with the discretion and forbearance by which ends are so much better and quicker gained than through bluster. His spirituality was of a bristling sort, that pricked rather than soothed; goaded rather than led, and repulsed instead of won.

It was a common description in the ward, when David preached, that "Brother Hurst scolded the congregation," his discourse imitating oftener the Caudle style, than that of an evangel of Christ—harshly pointing out the shadows of the world, without unfolding any light which might dissipate the darkness.

This was the man with whose prejudices or peculiarities Hart Richfield had involuntarily clashed, and in whose hands lay the privilege of influencing at least one part of his

destiny for good or ill. Hart's knowledge of the grain of gold in the man's character had made him lenient in many cases where a display of ill-directed zeal or anger had awakened severe judgment from others. But to theorize generously and dispassionately about other's grievances and one's own, are two separate things; and Hart for the first time was able to realize how cruel the sting of an unmerited and harsh rebuke, prompted by however honest and worthy a motive.

He rode back through the lanes and meadows with a sore heart. The enchantment had faded from the dawn and landscape. The sun-brightened fields looked dry and parched, and the long road, fretted by a light wind that faced him, showed a scurry of gray dust that rose over the wheels and filled his throat. This and the rest of the disagreeable happenings made him glad to reach home.

In about two hours' time, Miles Hentley, Hart's particular friend, rode back from the Grove to find out the cause of the missing couple's absence.

"We thought possibly you'd been tipped over," said Miles, "and the crowd appointed me a committee to investigate." Hart told him the occurrence and Miles persisted in laughing at the entire affair. "It will all come out right," he said, "and I for one shouldn't let it spoil my pleasure—I'd spend the day at the Grove just the same.

But Hart was too miserable to think of that. He stayed about the house all day—sitting on the front porch and trying to fix his mind on the *Dental Journal*, for which he had recently subscribed. But it was in vain. His thoughts whirled and revolved inevitably upon the engrossing slight. The house was situated in the nearer limits of—addition—the main road leading past his home, and on towards the Hurst farm at the extreme outskirts.

Sometime in the afternoon Hart

recognized David Hurst's buggy coming in the distance, and upon its approaching nearer, saw that it was the man himself in the seat driving. Hart walked down to the gate. Hurst drove past looking straight ahead.

"Mr. Hurst."

The other turned.

"I want to speak with you a moment."

David drew rein, looking at Hart in silence.

"I want to ask you, Mr. Hurst, if you think the stand you have taken with regard to me and Millie is entirely justifiable," he said quietly.

David Hurst leaned toward him over the buggy.

"Hart," he said impressively, "I can't put in words how I felt when I read in the paper what you'd done. I couldn't have felt worse if it had been my own son. To think that a lad that I've watched grow up from a babe to manhood, born in the Church, reared in the Church, and with parents that have suffered persecution, and given up all that they had on earth for its sake, should have turned traitor, and betrayed its principles to our enemies, and one of his own flesh and blood, to further the ends of their hatred, is almost more than I can believe, even with the proof that I have. I tell you Hart, I'd rather have seen you buried than to see you live for this."

Hart kept silent until he ended. The man's sincerity was so evident that it helped to keep in check the resentment rising in his heart at the severe arraignment.

"I suppose you are referring to my testimony in my brother's case," he said at length; "and on my part, I can assure you that I never would have dreamed it possible for any one on earth to take such a view of it as you have expressed. In the first place the case would have been decided as it was, without my testimony. My brother himself recognized the hopelessness of making a

defence, and advised all of us to attempt no further reservation than the examination would permit."

"I'd have seen them in Tophet," interrupted David Hurst warmly, "before I'd a helped to make it easy for 'em to carry on their persecution."

"I simply answered the questions they put to me," said Hart. "I couldn't do less than that."

"They'd have had to take more trouble than asking, to get it out of me. Red hot irons couldn't have made me tell what you told, if it had been an enemy on trial, let alone one of my own kin."

Hart's face flushed.

"I have explained the circumstances," he said, "and can feel that I have nothing to reproach myself for; with regard to my part in the trial my conscience is absolutely clear."

David Hurst straightened himself up as if to go, then turned and looked at Hart. The face which had been flushed and angry became pale.

"Hart Richfield," he said slowly, "I've looked on you and loved you always as if you were my own son. I've been proud of you and your good name and standing in the community, but I tell you when you dare to stand up before me and talk of a clear conscience with the knowledge in your heart of having sided with our enemies against your people and the principles of your Church, I want none of you. And I warn you now that from this time on, unless you acknowledge your fault and repent before the Lord, you'll go down, till you're brought to the dust, to mourn for it in sackcloth and ashes."

Hart Richfield for a moment was deadly pale, then his face flushed with hot resentment.

"I've done nothing to repent of nor to be made to mourn for," he said; "and if it was you or my own father I'd do the same thing over again; I——"

David Hurst interrupted him. His

face was flushed again, and his eyes blazing with anger. He leaned far out over the buggy and shook his fist in Hart's face.

"If you'd ever have dared to take the stand against me that you did in that case," he said, "I'd have smashed your face so that your own mother would never have known you!"

Then he picked up the reins and drove away.

That evening, after dark, Hart's father drove over to the Hurst farm. Both parents had taken the affair seriously to heart.

Priceless, next to their religious faith, was the good name and standing of their beloved son in the Church and community, and the thought that anything so like the nature of a curse as that pronounced by David Hurst had descended upon his head, was to this good and devout couple something almost like a tragedy.

"I for one sha'n't let such a thing pass by," said Jacob Richfield; "It's a wrong to me as well as to Hart, and I mean to go to Brother Hurst and lay the whole matter before him in its true light. Then if he wants to make it right he can; if not, it will rest on his own head."

"I don't believe but what he *will* make it right, when you've explained it to him," said Mrs. Richfield. "I believe David Hurst would do whatever he thought was right, no matter how much he had to humble himself."

"I know *that*," said her husband. "If I didn't, I shouldn't think of going near him. But Hart will never get over this unless he does make amends, nor I neither, for that matter; and I'll be fair enough to give him the facts in the case, anyway, and then let him act for himself."

"The trouble will be," said Mrs. Richfield significantly, "to make him see that he *is* in the wrong."

"That's where the trouble usually

does come in with David Hurst," answered her husband.

He went away, coming back after a long evening, with spirit sorer than when he left home.

"Well," he said to his wife, who was waiting for him, sitting down and taking off his hat with an emphatic air, "I've had my trouble for my pains this time."

"You don't tell me," said Mrs. Richfield.

"I've heard of stiff-necked people before," he answered slowly, "but if there was ever an incarnation of stiff-neckedness, I believe it's David Hurst."

"I want to hear all about it," said his wife anxiously.

Her husband drew his chair up to a little leaf-table and commenced to eat from a bowl of bread and milk placed ready for him, with nervous excitement.

"To sum it all up in a nutshell," he said, "the man wouldn't hear a thing I had to say. I couldn't tell him anything, nor explain a word about the affair. He knew all about it, and didn't want to hear any more. There wasn't an iota of excuse for Hart, under any kind of circumstances, he declared, and he'd live to see the day every word he'd said to him would be fulfilled."

"I can't believe it," said Mrs. Richfield, the tears filling her eyes.

"Well, Brother Hurst," I said, "I come in a peaceable and friendly spirit—though I don't consider it my place to make the advances—to come to an understanding with you if possible, so there would be no bad feelings between us. I know my boy's heart better than anyone, and I know he wouldn't do any more to hurt the Church or this people than you would yourself. But if this is your stand after all I've done, to explain matters I've nothing more to say on the subject. Then he went on and talked an hour, all to the end that he'd done righteously in rebuking Hart, and that he had nothing to

retract. At last I saw it was no use arguing, and I came away."

"Poor Hart!" said Mrs. Richfield, "I guess he'll feel worse than anyone knows about losing Millie."

"I told Brother Hurst so; and I said 'twas a shame to separate them, and he told me in plain terms that he'd rather see her dead than that she should marry him. I tell you, Annie, I've had just about all I could do to keep my temper within bounds tonight."

"I guess you have," said his wife.

"Now, I ain't going to worry any more about it," declared Jacob, with a trusting way that he had; "I'm going to leave the whole matter in the hands of the Lord."

In the fall Hart went to New York to take up the study of dentistry. He had seen nothing of Millie in the meantime, and went away without the privilege of a word of farewell. How different had been his "castles"—those dawn-built structures, vanished now into gray air! The event had made a perceptible change in both the young people—evident to familiar and loving hearts, if to none else. Hart had become strangely taciturn and thoughtful, if not morose, and had given up all pleasures, and his meetings as well, staying closely at home; while Millie went about the Hurst household, a shadowy negative of her former self. Not a quiet negative, though. Her unhappiness found expression in a continual discontent and peevishness which was as unpleasant to those about her as it was unusual to her hitherto even and cheerful disposition.

"She's no more like herself than black is like white," her mother said to David Hurst one day. "It's getting so we can hardly live in the same house with her—she's so fretful."

"I've noticed it," said her husband, "and more than all that, she's neglecting her meetings and the

association. There's always some excuse ready with her to get out of going. Either you or I shall have to take her in hand now, and have her do different. It is pure stubbornness, her giving up to this spirit."

"I don't know about that, David," said his wife, "Millie was never willful in her life before and you have only to look at her, to know she aint well."

"Well, have something done for her. I'll tell Dr. Haight to come over to-day and see if he can't give her a tonic, or something to help her."

"I don't believe medicine would do her a mite of good. If you want to know just what I think, I believe it's nothing but her fretting about Hart Richfield that ails her."

"Then it's time she was coming to her senses. I'll have a talk with her myself tomorrow." This threat was carried out; resulting in a protracted conversation between the two in the parlor, the next day, from which Millie emerged with eyes betraying signs of weeping.

She commenced to go regularly to her meetings again, and went occasionally to the "Mutual" though with an air that revealed better than objections could have done, her actual lack of interest in their concerns;

"Millie's the last one on earth I could ever have believed would turn so shrewish," said her mother to the others. But she was gentle and forbearing of the child's fretful outburst, guessing at the unhappy heart whose secret had caused the change.

"Brother Andy, I'm glad to see you around again," shouted David Hurst from his buggy, driving past a vine-covered adobe cottage on his way home one afternoon in the late spring.

Andy Gale rose from the porch steps, and limped down his tulip-edged path to the gate.

"How are you Brother Hurst," he said giving his thin hand into the

other's strong grasp. "Yes," in reply to his neighbor's first greeting, "I'm glad to be well again: I just told Sister Gale that it was pay enough for hibernating in a sick room all winter to come out again with the rest of the June roses."

"We all know your heart's as fresh as they are, if your frame's not, Brother Andy," said David affectionately. The old man was a tenderly loved soul in the community, his sympathetic, gentle, and brave spirit attracting hearts with a spell as subtle and steady as the magnet's.

"Well, maybe it is," he answered, "but I guess a little pruning wouldn't hurt it. How are things up town, now; the Commonwealers gone yet?"

"Not all; I've just been to one of their open air meetings to-day. I was passing, and thought I'd wait and hear what they had to say."

"Pretty threatening talk engaged in, I understand."

"Terrible! Scandalous! I never thought the time would come in any place in this country, that such talk would be allowed, or countenanced, let alone in our own quiet little valleys in the mountains."

"Well, we can rest sure it will go no further than talk, with us here, but with the nation I fear it will be a more serious affair."

"It will, unless steps are taken to crush it out."

"Brother Hurst," said Andy solemnly, "this problem that has risen in the midst of the nation will not be crushed out until the Lord's purposes are fulfilled. If we think this scourge has come about by accident—we forget the predictions that have been uttered by our prophets since the foundation of the Church. I tell you, Brother Hurst, it is the beginning of the end. The Lord has been patient long enough with this nation, and now, the times of threshing for the harvest have begun. What is all this trouble, whose uproar is filling the land, but the outcome of the selfishness and

iniquity of those into whose hands have fallen the power of governing the people? Since the emancipation of the slaves, what effort has been made by the government for the advancement of human right? None that have not been backed by selfish and mercenary interests of individuals seeking their own and not another's gain. For nearly thirty years the parties of this nation have been making a fetich of the tariff question whilst abuses have been rolling up whose problem the justest tariff measure on earth can never solve."

"I guess you're right about that. The tariff would hardly serve effectually in the present instance either way. Protection can't put *all* the unemployed at work, now, any more than it has in the past; and, on the other hand, as the politicians say—cheap articles don't benefit a man much if he hasn't got the money to buy them."

"It's a shibboleth," said Andy solemnly, "a war cry, that men quarrel for, while they pass graver questions by. Joseph Smith foresaw this time. I've heard him say often, that a crisis would come when the great parties of this nation would have to consider the cause of humanity, and live out the law of equality and brotherhood which Christ declared to be the only perfect system, or they would split asunder and go to the wall. In Nationalism, Populism, and the hundred and one movements that are being made in the direction of bringing about the establishment of that system, we can see as plain as Belshazzar, the handwriting that predicts the downfall of the selfish and useless powers that have usurped the place of right so long."

"These questions are certainly figuring in the affairs of the nation now," said David.

He had always a pleasure in hearing Andy talk. There was a gift of foresight and prediction belonging to

the spiritual side of the old man's nature, and his thoughts gave one material, always, for remembrance and reflection.

"Why Brother Hurst," the latter went on, in his quietly earnest way, "what is this Nationalism we hear so much about now-a-days, but the very system revealed to us by prophecy, years before this agitation began?"

"Here is that young fellow, Hart Richfield, just back from New York and Boston, where they are in the thick of the movement, explaining Nationalism to me as if it was some new thing just heard of. I told him to go home and read up on the Order of Enoch in his Doctrine and Covenants, and see if the two systems wasn't as near alike as two peas. 'Of course they differ a little in detail,' I said, 'but the principle's just the same.'"

"That's just about how it goes," said David Hurst quietly. "The young people will rush off into the world for something they can find right at home."

"So I told him. But he came right back at me with a question that fairly swamped me, smart as I am. 'I've heard of the Order of Enoch, of course, Brother Gale,' he said, 'but with the people here it seems to be practically a theory. Back East, now, they are trying to put it into practice—that's what a right principle is made for, isn't it?' I can tell you, Brother Hurst, I felt—quat! Of course I told him we intended to practice it some time—when the right time came. But he thought with such an important principle imparted to our trust we ought to have commenced it long ago. And I don't know but what he's right. At any rate the Lord has seemed to see fit to put into the hearts of others to bring about the establishment of this system on the earth, and all we can do now is to fall in and help the work along."

"I've said it a thousand times over," answered David Hurst, ear-

nestly, "that some time we would be called to task for our lackness and negligence in attending to the principle. And I believe that the trials of these hard times that are on us are a lesson to us, as well as to the nation, for our selfishness and forgetfulness."

"Brother Hurst," said Andy solemnly, "it's not alone in this matter that we Latter-day Saints merit chastisement. It's in our everyday life as well. For a half a century we've been priding ourselves on having a Gospel that ought to make us Christ-like if anything could! But how many of us live up to the letter of His teachings? How many of us enjoy the blessing that ought to come from a right observance of His word? Have we less sickness, less deaths, less hardships and worry than other people? No. And yet the Book of Mormon tells us that the ancient inhabitants of this earth who had the same Gospel, lived so purely at times that for long periods no afflictions or trouble came upon them. Now, if they could do that, why shouldn't we? Because we don't take the trouble to live to deserve it. We're just as ready to hate as to love, to curse as to bless, to let die as to let live! and the result is that we have trials come on us that we never would have, if we'd lived up to our commandments and light."

"I want to ask you why it is that some of our people are running after this Christian Science? Is it because that doctrine has more truth than Mormonism, any purer principles than our religion, any greater power of healing than our system? No. But because we've been careless of our privileges, and of our way of living, careless of our gifts as we have been of our Enoch system, till we're in danger of losing what power and influence have ever been bestowed to our trust."

David Hurst winced. He realized of course that the neighbors must know that Millie had taken to "running after Christian Science," and

the mention of anything approaching the subject, seemed to him a cruel sting. Yet he could not believe the kindly old man meant malice, and he answered frankly:

"Brother Gale, I have a daughter who, to my sorrow, has seen fit to go outside the Church for spiritual comfort; but I can't think that it's because every good thing she needs is not contained in this religion."

"Why, man, there's *nothing* good that's not contained in it! But the trouble is, in nine cases out of ten, though—like the Order of Enoch, we don't take the pains to prove it. I tell you, Brother Hurst, the time is coming when we've got to *live* every word of our religion to keep its blessings. And I believe all these trying things have come about to bring us to it."

David Hurst rode homeward with a thoughtful heart. Andy Gale's talk had come home to him with unusual power and suggestion. A new light had seemed to enter his soul, and by it he saw clearly for the first time in his life, the web of prejudice and self-will in which he had been entangled for many years. His thoughts kept going back to and reiterating Andy's words. "As ready to hate as to love, to curse as to bless." Yes. He knew too surely that that could apply to himself. And about Millie, too? Was not his conscience sore there? How many times had she been harshly repulsed. And that, too, when she had been all love and kindness. It had made him angry to see the sudden change in her of late, since she had taken up Christian Science, for she had attributed it all to *that*. Was not love, and gentleness, and forbearance and all those considerations of which she was so tenacious now, in Mormonism also? Indeed yes? But, had he always applied them? Alas! Too many instances were in his memory to let his conscience boast here!

And Hart Richfield! Had he

possibly been wrong in that affair? In the two years that had passed since then, no doubt had crossed his mind. Only once a shadow had flitted, when after a year in which Hart's family had not spoken, the good old couple had come to him at the time of the Temple dedication and freely proffered their forgiveness and friendship.

"We can't go into that holy place holding hard feelings or resentment against a living soul," they had said, their lips quivering, and he could not but guess then, how hard it was for them; especially after reports had come that their son was drifting away from Mormonism, as if in fulfillment of his word—a trial harder than any on earth for them to bear. He could see now how selfish, how ungenerous it was for him to let them make the first advances of peace. To him, who, without any personal right or business in the affairs had taken it upon himself to interfere—and chastise their son. How blind he had been? As he rode on, tears were in his eyes, and he was praying silently. When he reached the Richfield cottage he tied his horse and went in.

"Sister Richfield," he said as she came forward to greet him, "is your son Hart at home?" "Hart," he went on quickly, as Hart, hearing his name, looked up from his desk, "I've come here today in humility and repentance to make amends if I can, for the wrong I committed against you two years ago. I took upon myself to judge you then for a fault that was grievous in my eyes, not seeing that I was committing a greater one by my lack of charity and brotherly forbearance. I see it now, and I am ashamed of it. I'm ashamed for the slight I put upon you, and more than all for the fit of anger and spleen I exhibited toward you that day at the gate. I'm ashamed that I let Brother and Sister Richfield, here, come to me with offers of peace, whilst I held back

and rejoiced in my pride and self-righteousness. And I want Hart, and I want you friends, to forgive me, if you can, for it—and to try and take me back into your friendship and esteem.”

“Millie,” said her father some two weeks afterward, “how do you like the idea of giving a picnic to some of your young friends here at the farm on the Twenty-fourth? There’s room under the orchard-trees there for a floor to dance on, and we might put up a pavilion over in the pines across the creek for refreshments—and the swings and other amusements we could think up would make a first rate holiday for the folks.”

“Father! You don’t really mean it!” cried Millie in delighted amaze. She had often thought of the plan but the hints she had thrown out twice as “feelers” in that direction had been met by so chilling a douche by the head of the house that she had not dared to crystallize them into a formal suggestion. And now it had come at his own will! Not that it was the surprise that it would have been a month since. He had been so changed of late—so full of gentleness and love towards them all in the household, that this last evidence of considerate forethought for her happiness seemed indeed but natural in this kind father whom she was newly learning to know and love aright. And yet—it seemed, indeed, too good to be true!

“Oh! Pa!” shouted Fannie, who had overheard the precious proposal, “will you let us have bonfires and ice cream?”

“Do you want ’em mixed?” asked her father.

“Yes,” replied Fan. eagerly, “and oh! can we have some Chinese lanterns to hang in the air?”

“In the air or on the trees, Fan?” asked Millie laughing. “Your idea of combining the elements is somewhat supernatural.”

“Well, can we?” insisted Fan.

“I shouldn’t be surprised,” answered her father. Then as she bounded away to apprise the rest of the household of the princely event promised, he turned to Millie.

“I guess daughter,” he said, you’ll need some one to help you plan out and carry on the affair, and I thought perhaps you’d better ask Hart Richfield over to take some of the responsibility off your shoulders. He’s apt to have new ideas, and——”

“Father! Millie’s slim form was shaken with sobs, and her arms were clinging close around his neck. David Hurst’s strong hand gently stroked the short auburn curls pressed tight against his shoulder.

“There daughter! There my little girl!” he said.

The important day soon came at the Hurst farm. In the house, on the porches and lawns, in the pavilion across the creek, and upon the smooth floor laid down in the orchard grove—groups of young people—pretty girls in dainty white and pink, and blue dresses, and good-looking young fellows in cool nobby summer suits had laughed and talked and danced, and downed ices and lemonades and sandwiches with purest enjoyment all the afternoon, and showed no signs of tiring of it until the furthest hours of evening.

Millie in her white swiss dress, flitting here, and there, and everywhere throughout the house and grounds in her role of hostess, made Hart think of a snow-white butterfly he had chased once in childhood across fields and meadows, and through strips of orchard, only to vanish, eventually—when he had about imprisoned the pretty whisp of light under his hat—so far up in the air, that even his strained glance could not pursue it.

Today he had shadowed Millie throughout the grounds with like success so far as futile following went, and in his disappointment he

had told himself that she would probably slip from him forever in some such effectual, if not solemn way, in which he had lost the butterfly.

He had been with her frequently during the past week but had not dared to speak of his newly-aroused hope, lest it might prove the step too far beyond the limit of her father's willing concessions. So he had put it off from day to day. He had not had a word with her today since the people began to arrive at two o'clock. It was now twilight. The lanterns were lit about the porches, and in the orchard, and Hart for a moment was sitting apart, enjoying the fanciful scene made by the colored lights and the pretty groupings under the trees.

"Is that you, Hart?" asked Millie's voice suddenly near by. "I was looking for you," she said coming towards him in the dusk. "Will you come with me to look for little May Burns and Fannie? We can't find them anywhere about the place, and mother's afraid they've strolled up the canyon. She wants me to find them before father knows."

Hart put her hand under his arm, and they went quietly across the creek and towards the canyon. As they walked along the lonely road Hart told Millie of his thought about the butterfly.

"I don't see why that particular circumstance should suggest me," said Millie laughing. "I don't believe I shall go so far as to die to escape you, and that seems to me to be the only possible way to establish an analogy."

"There are other ways of losing you as hopelessly," said Hart, tingling his tone with his blue mood.

They walked on a few steps in silence, then Millie spoke softly.

"Hart!"

"Yes," he answered.

"Why don't you drop your hat over the butterfly?"

"Millie!" cried Hart.

They were quite alone; but if a

hundred had been near no one could have told whether it was the gurgling water or a kiss; and before Hart had released her, they heard Fannie's and May's voices just ahead in the darkness. They were crying pitifully, and Hart and Millie hurried toward them anxiously.

"Fannie!" called Hart, reassuringly as they approached, "it's all right, Millie and I are here to take you safely home."

"I don't want you to," came a reply in wailing, petulant tones, "I want Annie and Jim to!"

"Why folks are you with them?" cried Millie and Hart in a breath. Millie's cousin Ada and her fiancée were in a buggy, each holding a weeping child in their arms.

"Yes," said Ada, "we got tired of staying around the grounds, so Jim hitched up and we took the children up the canyon for a ride. 'What are you crying for, Fan,' asked Millie, 'are you afraid of the dark, or that you'll be reminded about not asking leave to go, when you get home?'"

"I aint afraid of either," snapped Fannie.

"She says she knows the refreshments will be eat up," said Jim explainingly.

"You saw to that yourself before you came away, Fan," volunteered Millie, unsympathetically.

But only Hart's assertion of countless freezers waiting to disgorge their entire treasures at the "open sesame" of the two certain small wanderers, brought peace eventually to the mournful, aching hearts. Finally the buggy went on with its rejoicing load, Millie and Hart bringing up the rear of the triumphal procession.

As the latter walked homeward, Millie told Hart about the change in her father; and Hart told her of his work, and plans for the future. She was interested in his new politics as well, and Hart told her about that, too.

"I've found out one thing, though," said Hart finally before they reached home, "in everything I've taken hold of that amounts to anything, I've discovered in studying the subject up, that we've got something in the same line just as good, if not a great deal better, in Mormonism."

"I've found that out, too," said Millie.

"That dear old gold-brick, Andy

Gale," went on Hart," put the whole truth in a nutshell when he told me, that people travel all over the universe—and discover Utah!"

"Hart," said Millie presently, in a shy but earnest tone, "I feel that it is only right to tell you before-hand—that—I wouldn't be married—any way but in the temple—for anything on earth!"

"Why, neither would I!" said Hart.

Josephine Spencer.



I.

THE sun was as hot, and the road was as dusty as the average July day brings, when a traveler on the public highway some miles south of Salt Lake City, stopped by a stream of water flowing across his path to rest and quench his thirst. Some willows lined the creek and a few cottonwoods cast a cooling shade. The traveler unslung a bundle from his back, which he deposited under a

tree, took from his pack a tin cup and drank eagerly from the cooling water. Sitting on a large stone, well under the bank, he washed his hands and wet his face with water, stroking back his hair with his wet palm.

He seemed to be a very nervous individual. A minnow leaped to the surface of the pool for a fly, and he started at the splash. At the rumbling of a distant wagon he looked quickly up; then went back to his bundle and stood gazing up and down the road. The landscape had a quiet, peaceful look. Here and there were some farm houses, but they were far apart. The traveler, seeing no one moving, sat down again by the tree and leaned his head against its trunk. He seemed to be

* Second prize Pioneer Day story.

tired. He closed his eyes against the sun and for a few minutes appeared to be asleep.

Take a look at him as he sits there—a mountaineer in dress and appearance. His clothes are much the worse for wear, his shoes being so ragged that his bare feet must press the hot dust. His hair and beard are long and tinged with gray. •But his face! Mark his countenance! Did you ever see such a one possessed by human being before? Look at the peculiar expression of the mouth and did you notice his eyes before he closed them? Here, there and everywhere, quick as lightning, and glowing with a look that is indescribable. If the eyes are the windows of the soul, what a soul must be back of these!

The man's age may be anywhere from forty to sixty—it is difficult to say where. Is the man a tramp? No, not of the modern kind; it is too early in the century for that.

After a few minutes repose, the wayfarer awoke with a start and began to talk to himself. As he talked, he seemed to be arguing a point with some invisible companion. He raised his voice to an angry pitch, and then how his eyes flashed! Is he an escaped lunatic? No, not hardly; but hear him!

"I admire an honorable man—a man of his word. And I say a bargain is a bargain, and you should stick to it. You promised me a whole hour's rest, and here you come tormenting me at the end of five minutes. Is that right?"—"I don't deserve it? That's none of your business. A bargain is a bargain, I say, and you're an impostor to go back on it."—"Now let me rest a few minutes." His head sank on his bundle, but in an instant he was up again.

"You have no conscience," he remarked, very pathetically. "Would I were in your place." He got up and straightened his long limbs to their full height. Then he point-

ed out toward the mountain, and said:

"Do you see that mountain?"—"You do? Well, it's full of gold; it's mine and I will give it to you for a day's rest—just one day to be freed from ye imps of the infernal pit! There's my hand on the bargain." He stretched out his hand as if offering it to his invisible companion.

"You won't take it? Wouldn't take such a red-stained hand? Well, that's all right, you needn't. I'm off, just you follow me if you dare!" He put on his slouch hat, picked up his bundle and was about to travel on, when he suddenly changed his mind and sat down again.

A little girl came trotting down the road, with a hat in one hand and a basket in the other. Every few moments she would stop and gather a flower or blade of bright grass. She came right along and ran up to the stranger before she saw him; then she started and backed.

"O, don't be afraid, little girl," he said mildly. "I'll not hurt you. What have you got in your basket?"

"Biscuits," was the reply.

"And where are you going with them?"

"Down to Aunt Sarah's. They're for her to take to the celebration."

"O, is that so!" He chattered with her kindly and her little tongue got loose and chattered away.

"Where do you live?" he enquired.

"O, we live up yonder where the big trees are, but we're all going away tomorrow—me and pa, and ma and Aunt Sarah."

He seemed pleased in her company. The awful look in his eyes surely modified as he listened and talked to her. He asked her name.

"My name is Drusilla Woodland."

"Drusilla Woodland! Drusilla—!

"Yes, I'm named after grandma—grandma who's back in the states. But I must go now. You're going to the celebration aint you? I'm just going to auntie's. You know where we live, now don't you?"

"Drusilla Woodland," he repeated. "Why, yes, of course down on Mullholland Street close by the temple—no, I mean—what do I mean?"

The wild look came back again. "O, God, what have I found—don't leave me little girl—don't——"

The man's face was a study then. Waves of emotion swept over it. The color came and went with his hard breath. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. The little girl becoming frightened ran on her way down the road. The sun went down behind the western hills.

"Up yonder where the big trees are" was a busy scene next morning—by the way the exact date was the twenty-second of July, 1857—not only there but in many of the other farm houses people were packing and preparing for an outing of some kind. Shortly before sunrise Silas Woodland drove up to his door, boxes and bundles were lifted in the wagon, his wife and daughter Drucilla were helped to the seat beside him, and away they rattled down the lane under the locusts and box-elders to the main road where people were already passing, some in wagons, others on horseback, but all headed towards the mountains.

The first driver who had caught up to a strange-looking man trudging by the roadside that morning had asked him if he would ride; but he had politely declined. Others also offered him a seat in their wagons but he thanked them gracefully and said no. While many looked curiously at him, he did not seem to notice them but went on his way with his bundle on his back and his eyes generally directed towards the ground, though with a rapid movement of his head he got a glimpse of every new arrival.

Silas Woodland came whistling along. The stranger saw him, marked the others by his side, and stepping out of the road, went up to the fence. He leaned over the top rail and looked away over the fields

to the distant mountains until Silas got past, then he turned and gazed after them.

Drusilla recognized him and told of their meeting the evening before.

The next man who came along was alone in a sort of cart. He was about to drive past when the stranger asked him for a ride.

"Certainly," said the man, "jump up. Are you going to the celebration?"

"I guess so," said the stranger. They drove on.

What a crowd there was at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon that morning! Hundreds of vehicles and veritably thousands of people. Most of them had gathered there the day before and had camped over night ready for ascending the "stairs" as the steep places in the canyon were called. What a sight it was! Carriages and wagons and prancing steeds; cavalry and artillery; bands of music and uniformed companies of young men. All were bent on celebrating the twenty-fourth of July, the tenth anniversary of the pioneers' entrance into the valley. It was to be away up in the tops of the Wasatch, in a beautiful glen of the mountains, by Silver Lake, at the head of the canyon.

President Young with General Wells and other military leaders took the lead and the long train followed. Up they climbed, up from the hot valley, to where the breezes blew fresh and cool from snowclad peaks. Up to where mountain streamlets trickled down into the lakes; and where the green spread out in tiny meadows to the lake, around which the peaks and pines stood sentinel. Here the wagons were stopped, camps erected and preparations were made for the celebrating of the morrow.

This was about noon. The afternoon passed, and at evening President Young talked to the multitude. He dwelt on God's mercies to His people. Benediction was pronounced,

and the throng separated, with peace in their hearts, and joy and love. Around the camp fires, or on the dancing floors of the boweries, a grateful people could offer their praise to God, the Giver of their good.

Silas Woodland had built a fire by his tent door, and he was reclining on a quilt; he did not care to dance. His wife sat opposite with some

body been watching us?" and Silas Woodland looked towards the place indicated.

"Yes; haven't you noticed him?"

"No; who can he be? What can he want?"

"Well, it's strange. I think it's the same fellow who rode up with me this morning. He was the oddest man I have ever met, and he seems to be interested in you."

"Is that so?"

Alice Woodland had ceased her work and was listening attentively.

"Didn't you notice a man get out of the road when you drove up just this side of Maple Creek?"

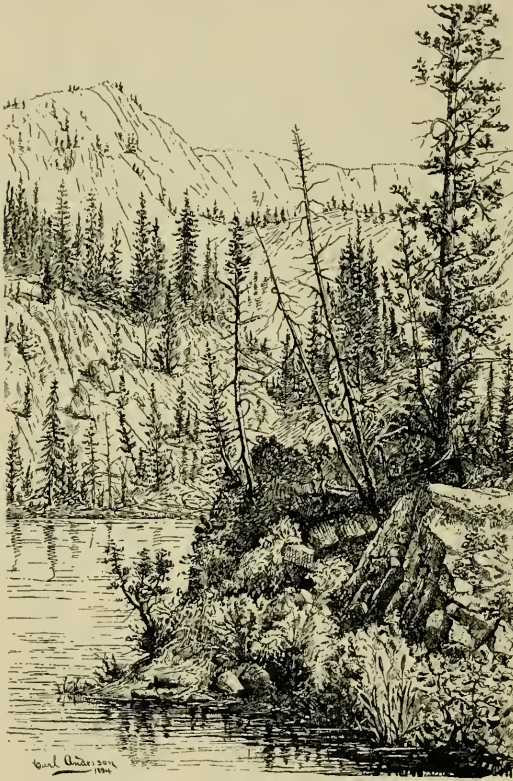
"Yes; Drusilla pointed him out to us."

"Well, he rode up with me, and, as I said, there's something mysterious about him. He asked me all sorts of questions about yourself and wife, your names, where you lived, and all about you. He seemed civil and decent enough and talked intelligently about many things. He knew all about the Church in Nauvoo times; but all the time he talked he was fidgeting with his hands and there was a strange expression in his eyes. Well, down in the canyon where the dugway is narrow, I believe the fellow meant to jump into the river, but I put out my hand and said: 'Look out or you'll fall out!'

and he startled as if out of a dream.

"But the worst was when he wanted to trade consciences with me—he got clean lunny then. Why, the fellow said the conscience was something a person could buy and sell like an article of merchandise. He offered his own in exchange for mine, and said he would give me a whole box of gold to boot."

They all laughed; but Alice was



SILVER LAKE. "AWAY UP IN THE TOPS OF THE WASATCH."

crochet work; Drusilla was asleep inside. Neighbors came and went; everybody chatted and were merry. When nearly time to retire an acquaintance stepped up to the fire and seated himself on a brush pile.

"Who is that man that's been standing over by the wagon watching you for the last half hour?" he asked.

"Who? Watching us—has any-

uneasy. She did not like to have an escaped lunatic watch their movements, she said; and that night she laid awake a long time thinking of what she had heard.

Next morning was the Twenty-fourth and its celebration began in earnest. After the program of songs, oration, etc., was carried out, the day was spent in dancing, boating on the lake, picnicing, and climbing the mountains. All were happy, and the time went merrily. The majority did not notice the arrival of four travel-stained horsemen about noon, and their hurried interview with President Young. Some there were, who had noticed the sober countenances of their leaders, who had been called together in council, but most of the Saints made merry as if no evil were at their doors.

In the evening the assembly was called together and General Wells spoke. His words thrilled the people, and made many a heart beat, some no doubt with indignation, some perhaps with fear, all with the profoundest emotions. The news was that an army was marching against the Saints, was now on its way from the states, to once more drive and pillage and outrage this much persecuted people. The general instructed the company to break camp in the morning and quietly go home. "But don't worry," said he, "don't be alarmed, God will take care of His people and He will yet make the wrath of His enemies to praise Him."

II.

It had been hard for Silas Woodland to abandon his house and farm, his barns and garden; his hard-earned home that he had wrested from the desert. But it had been no harder for him, no doubt, than it had been for thousands of others who, with tearful eyes, had bade farewell to their homes that spring of '58, and followed their leaders southward to where, no one seemed

to know; but it was anywhere out of the reach of the armed horde who would soon infest the valley and would, no doubt, try to repeat the acts of Missouri and Illinois.

Silas Woodland had packed his most valuable movable goods into a large wagon. He had made a "spike" of his extra horse, and the milk cow had been tied behind. His wife had also been busy packing.

"Is there any more room?" she had asked from the doorway.

"Well, you might get a few more small things in here by the seat," Silas had answered.

"I was thinking I should like to take father's and mother's pictures along.

"They are pretty awkward to handle on such a trip," he had interposed.

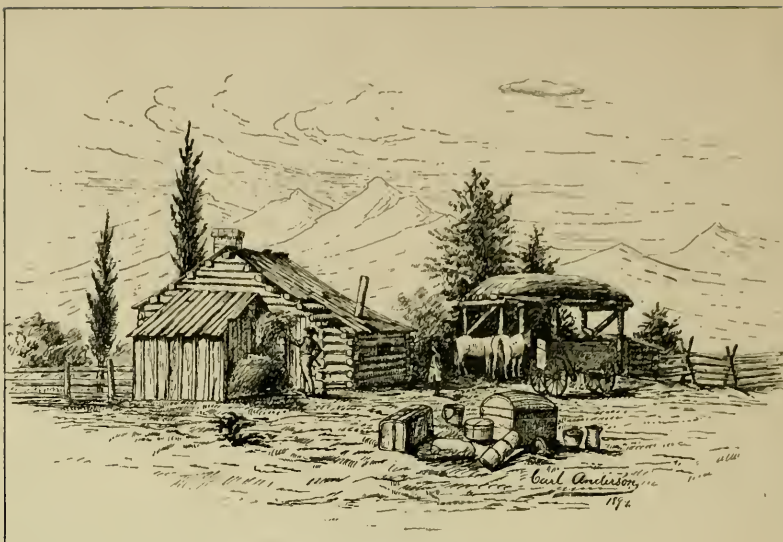
"Yes, but"—the loving, pent-up emotion had burst forth. She had tried her best not to cry, but it was of no use. She let the tears run unchecked.

Silas had quietly taken the pictures from the wall, wrapped them in an old piece of carpet and stowed them away.

"Aint my kitty going?" Drusilla had cried, as the cat had, with tail erect and rising back, rubbed coaxingly against her.

"No, my dear, we can't take it," whereupon Drusilla had wept bitterly.

Then, when they were ready to move Silas and Alice had lingered fondly; had taken a last look at the two cosy rooms that had been home to them for years; had viewed the bit of vegetable and flower garden in front; had looked at the young trees in the orchard; had turned away as if they did not wish to see the piles of hay and straw thrown up by the barn and house, nor did not wish to understand their meaning. Silas' strong arms had nearly borne his wife into the wagon, while he had nearly hissed the words: "We will make another Moscow! Another



PREPARING FOR THE MOVE SOUTH.

Napoleon will meet his defeat. God help us!"

But it was all over now. The "move" was over and all had returned or were on their way home. The army had come, had seen—nothing to conquer and had marched peaceably to their camp forty miles away; and the Saints were rejoicing that God had so wonderfully delivered them.

A beautiful evening in June and Silas Woodland and family had reached within a few miles from home. They had decided not to camp for the night but to drive on. Silas had walked back to drive up his lagging cattle and Alice held the reins letting the horses take their time. Drusilla was elated at the prospects of getting home, and she was wondering whether her pussy cat was yet alive. The sun went down and it was getting dark.

Suddenly the horses took fright at some object by the roadside, and began to run. Alice tightened the reins, but in her nervousness she pulled the horses from the road. It happened to be down grade, and the heavy load was therefore no

hindrance to the increasing speed of the frightened animals. Drusilla cried lustily, but her mother crouched down and held on to the lines, clinging to the wagon. They ran thus for half a mile, when a wheel struck a rock. The wagon tilted, and its occupants were thrown to the ground. The horses ran some distance to a hill and then stopped.

Down the hill back of them came a horseman at full gallop. He evidently did not see the two figures by the roadside, but dashed up to the runaway horses. Seeing no one there, he galloped back to where Alice Woodland laid still and pale. Drusilla was crying and trying to get her mother to speak to her. The horseman dismounted and came up to them. He peered hastily into Drusilla's face, then said:

"Little girl, is this your mother?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, between her sobs. "The horses ran away, and—I'm afraid she's killed—and my back hurts awful; oh! oh!"

The stranger bent over Alice's unconscious form. His long hair fell over his buckskin coat and brushed the face of the woman. He lifted

her head gently to his knee, and turning her face to the fading light in the west, scanned her pale countenance. Was there a tear in that otherwise wild eye? He stroked back her hair, and then tenderly kissed her on the forehead.

Silas Woodland came panting up. He asked no questions but went to work comforting Drusilla and to resuscitate his wife. He asked the stranger to get his team and drive up to them, which he did. Alice regained consciousness and was lifted in the wagon.

The stranger's horse had stood quietly by. Before mounting, he had asked if he could be of further service.

"Thank you very much," said Silas, "come along with us home, if you can; it is not far."

"I will," he said, and rode after the wagon. Silas drove carefully along, turned up the lane under the locusts and box-elders to the little house standing just as they had left it, not two months ago. Alice was lifted out and made comfortable on the lounge, while the wagon was unloaded and things straightened out a little.

Silas worked hard to get things in order again. The stranger said he was in no great hurry and by a silent consent remained with them. He slept at night in the barn on the hay, and was content to share such bachelor's fare as Silas could prepare. However, Drusilla soon got over the effects of her fall and persisted in helping to keep house, much to the stranger's delight.

Alice improved slowly. Though she had suffered no serious injury, she was weak and nervous and was confined to her bed for some days. Though the stranger took a deep interest in the family, and was continually asking about Alice's condition, he would never go into the sick woman's room. Silas noticed this among other eccentricities of the man. His name or occupation he

kept a secret, though Silas had hinted that he would like to know the former.

Early in the morning of the fourth day after the home-coming, the stranger rode up to the door and said he must be going.

"But you haven't had breakfast yet. You must wait a few minutes," said Silas.

"No, I must be going," was the answer.

"Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you for your help," remarked Silas, "and if you ever come this way again, you must be sure to call."

The stranger did not answer, but dismounting, softly stepped to Alice's bedroom, where she was yet sleeping. He walked quietly up to the bed and gazed for an instant on the pale face, then hurried away again. "She is out of danger now," he said, more to himself than to her husband.

"I think so," answered Silas. "Good bye, sir."

Drusilla came running out in her gown. "Good bye, Mister," she shouted.

"Good bye—a kiss, my darling—a kiss—but no, no!"

"O yes, you may, sir—here."

But the man was already in the saddle and galloping down the road. They watched him disappear over the brow of a hill, his horse at full gallop, his head turned towards them, his eyes on Drusilla's waving handkerchief.

"A strange man," said Silas Woodland. He went in the house, and on the table he found a small, buckskin-covered wooden box. Silas looked at Drusilla for an explanation and she said the man had put it there. On the box was a slip of paper, on which was written in lead pencil: "Open when I am gone." He picked the box up, and found it quite heavy. The lid was fastened with a stout cord, which he cut with his knife. Lifting the lid he found a folded paper containing writing, and on removing this paper, lo! the box

was nearly filled with gold, loose in dust, small nuggets and some coin! With astonishment Silas unfolded the paper and read. Its contents were as follows:

"Mr. Silas Woodland:

"DEAR SIR.—This paper and the contents of this box will surprise you; but I have a short communication to make to you, which I hope will make all things plain. This gold I give to you to be used in making yourself and family comfortable. Your wife Alice is my daughter. Use this gold to prevent her or her child Drusilla, or her children, from suffering for the comforts of life.

"Now you know who I am. I am Burr Griffin, whose daughter you married some years ago in Nauvoo, Illinois. You have seen some of my strange actions, and you will wonder what it all means. I will tell you.

"In the year 183—, I lived with my family in the eastern part of the State of Illinois. I had one daughter, Alice, who, becoming converted to the Mormon religion, moved to Nauvoo. It was against my wishes, and I was very angry about it. Of course she had a right to do so, as she was of age, but I becoming enraged at what I considered the wicked snares of the Mormons, followed her. But I could do nothing. She would stay with the people, she said, and I could not prevail on her to give up her religion. This embittered me more. To think that my only child should be so debased as to mingle with such a people! Well, she met and married you. You were a Mormon, and I swore to heaven that I would be avenged on you and your leaders.

"God help me I was avenged! You remember that day the twenty-seventh day of June, 1844. O, that I could burn it out of my memory, erase it from my conscience. I remember it. Yes, will do so, it seems through all the ages of eternity.

I was a willing tool of mob leaders. My heart was hard and black. The evil one tempered it to steel, and that day I gave my soul into Satan's power, and it is in his keeping today. I blacked my face, to correspond to my heart within.

"It was at Carthage at the jail. Joseph and Hyrum were there. We knew that the law could not reach them, so we reached them with powder and ball. I shot with the rest. God knows whether any bullet of mine spilled their blood. It was a wild scene. I can see that face at the window now, I can see him leap and fall, can see his body leaning there against the well-curb riddled with bullets, and as I see, I can hear that which rang in my ears loud as any thunder rolls: 'You are guilty, guilty of the blood of the prophets of God! That blood shall be a stain upon your soul, henceforth and forever!'

"From that day to this I have been an outcast and a vagabond, roving the earth, and seeking a place to rest my head in peace. I have tried to forget, tried to smother an ever present conscience, tried to escape from the evil one, strove to lose myself in some sweet oblivion; but all in vain. Even Death has fled from me as from a repulsive creature unworthy of his embrace.

"I came west five years ago. I learned of your moving to Utah, but did not find you until last July. I followed you to your celebration in the mountains, but did not dare to make myself known. I determined to linger and protect you from any violence of the approaching army, but my tormentors who sometimes overpower me, drove me away, away over the mountains to California, where I have been digging gold. I returned just the other day, and found my daughter after the accident. But I must not linger longer, though these few days I have been with you have been as the bright sunshine of heaven to

a prisoner. My child must not discover me, must not know that her father is already handed over to the buffetings of Satan. I pray you keep her ignorant of the fact. My wife died some years ago. I have no kin left but Alice—and Drusilla, if you will permit me to say so. Use this gold for them. It has been honestly earned, don't fear for that. Thank you for your kindness. I shall not disturb you again. Wherever I shall wander, I shall try to keep away from your roof. Now you know my awful secret.

"This is all. God has given me strength to write this much and make it plain. I am in my right mind now, but it may not be long. The way of the transgressor is hard. God hasten my end.

"Yours,
"Burr Griffin."

Silas Woodland has kept one secret from his wife: and in a bank in the city he has an account which is, according to compound interest, assuming large proportions. To this day he is undecided to know what to do with the money.

Burr Griffin has never more been heard from. Somewhere within the reach of the wrath of the Almighty he may be a wanderer still.

Nephi Anderson.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

WHEN the prospectus for Volume XV. of THE CONTRIBUTOR was issued, we offered prizes for Fourth of July and Pioneer Day stories. Through the forgetfulness of our writers or from some other cause, we received but one story for the Fourth of July, which could not be considered in view of there being no competitive pieces.

Of the Pioneer Day stories we received five, nearly all of which contained considerable merit. After careful consideration, however, the judges decided that the story, en-

titled, "A Trial of Hearts," by Miss Josephine Spencer, of Salt Lake City, was entitled to the first prize of twenty-five dollars, and the article, "A Conscience from Carthage," by Elder Nephi Anderson, of Brigham City, is worthy of the second prize of ten dollars.

We are pleased to note the interest which has been taken in our prize competitions, and only regret that more of Zion's able writers did not participate in it.

For the approaching Territorial Fair, THE CONTRIBUTOR has offered a prize of twenty dollars for the best story, founded on facts, connected with Utah history, of not less than four thousand words; and fifteen dollars for the best quartette for male voices by any home author. We trust that many young people in these mountains who have talents in these directions will not fail to forward their productions in time for examination by the committee, and though all will not be able to receive prizes for their efforts, the practice of writing and composing will be of great benefit to them. Every opportunity for developing these talents should be seized by young men and women, for they will undoubtedly find abundant opportunity in the future for their use.

THE VALUE OF FAILURE.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us to what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false: no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home—
His hearth, the earth; his hall, the azure dome.
Emerson.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THERE has perhaps never been a time in the history of the Latter-day Saints when they were so heavily burdened with indebtedness as at present. Few, indeed, are the individuals in our community who are free from obligations of a financial character. All have felt with more or less severity the distress through which the country has passed, and some have almost become discouraged at the future prospect.

Various causes have led to the conditions which now prevail. In some instances extravagance can be credited with the results which we experience. Whatever the cause, it is not now the time for the Saints to become discouraged or relax their efforts to achieve success. Even if failures and assignments are necessary to any of the people, they should still retain hope and faith in their hearts, and be filled with the spirit of energy and perseverance to finally come successfully through every difficulty.

It is stated that there is only between five and ten per cent. of business men and firms that succeed. The remainder go into bankruptcy sooner or later during the period of forty years. Some of those men who are today financially strong, both in our own community and in the world, have failed in the early part of their business career, and have been compelled to settle with their creditors at less than one hundred cents on the dollar; but be it said to the credit of most of those who live in our midst they have afterwards paid in full for their indebtedness.

This should be the desire and determination of any who meet with

financial misfortunes among us. All men are liable to accidents and miscalculations, but where such occur the effort should always be made to repair injury done to others, and to convince them that such failures are not intentional. A man possessed of health and filled with faith can accomplish wonders in financial as in other ways. The opportunities are so abundant in our country that no one should supinely fold his hands and become discouraged because of distress which may overtake him.

It said of Spurgeon, the noted English divine, with whose large tabernacle in London many of the Elders are familiar, that he started out to obtain grounds and means to erect this building without any human prospect of success. But he made up his mind that every day should add to the store of means for the accomplishment of this object, and he would build a tabernacle which would be a credit to himself and the church of which he was so eloquent a preacher. His faith buoyed him up under the most trying circumstances, and it was by his faith, coupled with the works which he performed, that he succeeded. A less faithful and persevering man would have signally failed, even if he had possessed the courage to begin so stupendous a task.

Thus it is with great men everywhere and in every department of life. Seemingly insurmountable obstacles only make them more determined, and seem to fill them with greater energy and faith. With health, faith and perseverance a man can accomplish almost anything upon which he sets his mind. Consequently, if men cannot meet their obligations at present, let them persistently work with the object in view of paying every just debt, coupling with their efforts earnest prayers to God, and there is no doubt relief will come to them, and they will be able to hold up their heads among their fellows with a conscious-

ness that they have done their full duty to their fellowmen, and have paid with honor every debt which they owe. Even if the demands upon us seem to be unjust, it is better to pay a seemingly unrighteous obligation, than to have the ill-will of our fellows directed against us, because of failing to meet the claim thus presented.

The future seems bright with promise. All will doubtless have their struggles to make, but none will be left without help in the time of need, if the spirit of the Gospel prevails in the hearts of the people; for Zion is as sure to become the glory of the whole earth, and her people to be the richest of all people, as the sun is sure to rise upon the morrow and shed its glorious light and warmth upon the world.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

WE are pleased to call attention to some illustrations in this number of the CONTRIBUTOR which have been produced by home artists. The illustrations in the article "A Conscience from Carthage" were drawn by Brother Carl Anderson of Ogden, an artist of no mean ability. They give evidence of considerable talent, which we hope to see more abundantly developed in the future.

The view of the Mission House in New Zealand has been done by what is known as the half tone process, and is the first piece of such work, we believe, that has ever been done in this Territory. A member of the Church from Germany, who not long since emigrated to this city, was the producer of this piece of work.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 24.

THE GATHERING.

References, Compendium, as a guide to special references.

Subdivisions.—Relationship of the gathering to the scattering of Israel. —Objects of the gathering, (*a*) preservation; (*b*) education; (*c*) power. —Time for gathering.—Places of gathering, (*a*) Zion; (*b*) Jerusalem. —*The spirit of gathering.—†Means and methods of gathering.

Self-review.—1. What does the gathering of Israel mean? 2. What are the chief objects of this gathering? 3. Prove that the gathering has begun. 4. Name and locate two general gathering places. 5. Give proofs that the spirit of gathering

follows conversion, and quote three prophecies predicting the gathering.

LECTURE 25.

EDUCATION.

Subdivisions.—Meaning of the word, to lead out.—Comprehensiveness of the term, *True Education*; (*a*) the accumulation and proper application of physical, spiritual, mental and moral power, by divinely-directed self-effort; (*b*) the development and use of one's entire self; (*c*) the development of physiological activities and their application in righteous words and acts; (*d*) the complete functioning of the entire being; (*e*) the learning and doing in its place and time of every act in the economy of life; (*f*) the perfect or harmonious development of all the capabilities of the individual; (*g*) the acquiring of knowledge (the perception of truth) and wisdom (the application of truth in relation); (*h*) the acquiring a knowledge of and receiving and using truth relations, (*i*) the desiring, asking, seeking;

* Our missionaries and converts testify that persons in foreign lands, upon hearing and accepting the Gospel are filled with a desire to unite themselves with the body of the Church socially.

† It will be well to study up and explain the P. E. (Perpetual Emigration) Fund as a means.

receiving, and using or assimilating the Spirit of the Lord in all departments and relations of life; (*j*) the knowledge and power of increase (life); "The expansion of the soul—the body and the spirit—to the fullness of its capacity." Ref. CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. X., p. 281; Vol. XI., p. 351; Vol. VI., p. 343; Vol. XII., p. 388; M. I. Manual, part I., p. 9.

Self-review:—1. What is the meaning of the word education? 2. What is meant by education in its true sense? 3. Formulate a definition of true education. 4. Why is the Gospel of Jesus Christ the only complete system of education? 5. Why is a plan of education that aims to develop *only* the intellectual faculties necessarily imperfect? 6. Show that a plan which has for its object the development of the physical and mental only, neglecting the spiritual, will of necessity prove a failure. 7. Why is it imperative that the cultivation of the affections keep pace with the development of the faculties? 8. What is essential in a perfect system of education?

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT. (Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.)

LECTURE 24.

PSALMS.

Subdivisions:—Their meaning.—Their origin.—Their authorship.—Their place in the Gospel.—Their scriptural importance.—Their worth ("An epitome of the whole Scripture,"—Athanasius; "A compendium of Theology,"—Basil; "A little Bible and a summary of the Old Testament,"—Luther; "The most elegant writing in the world,"—Melancthon.)—Their number.—Their division.—Their classification. Ref. Bible (Holman), Family, Historical Division. Bible Helps, (Teacher's Bible, Bagster,) pp. 35-41. Smith's Bible Dictionary, pp. 340-342. Dictionary of the Bible,

American Tract Society, pp. 357-359.

Self-review:—1. What is the meaning of the word psalms? 2. What is the nature of the psalms? 3. Who was the principal author of the psalms? 4. Give proof of the divine inspiration of the psalms. 5. How many psalms are recorded in the Bible, and into how many books is the entire collection divided? 6. Give the classification of the psalms. 7. How were the psalms regarded by Athanasius? Luther? Melancthon? 8. Repeat psalm i. 9. Repeat paragraph 1 of Psalms xix. 10. Repeat paragraph 1, Psalm xxiii and xxiv respectively.

LECTURE 25.

PROVERBS.

Reference: Bible and Bible Dictionary.

Subdivisions:—What the Proverbs are.—Authorship of this book of the Old Testament.—The broad ethical scope of the book.—The literary value of this part of the scriptures.—Some of the leading topics handled by the author; (*a*) Knowledge and wisdom. See Proverbs i, 7, 8, also ii, 6, 7 and iv, 7, 8; (*b*) The seven sins, vi, 17, 18, 19; (*c*) Charity, vi, 32; (*d*) Self control, xv, 1 and xvii, 22; (*e*) Companionship, xx, 24, 25, 26; (*f*) Chastity, vi, 32.

Self-review:—1. What are "The Proverbs?" 2. Who is the author of the Proverbs, and during what period of his life did he write them? 3. What is the chief value of this portion of the Old Testament? 4. Wherein are the Proverbs of literary value? 5. Recite ten of what you consider the best of the Proverbs.

LECTURE 26.

ECCLESIASTES.

Reference: Old Testament, and Dictionary of the Bible.

Subdivisions:—Meaning of Ecclesiastes.—Authorship.—The philosophic nature of the work.—Special topics treated, (*a*) the folly of man's

vanity; (*b*) the propriety of time. See ch. iii, 1 to 9; (*c*) value of wisdom, iv, 5; (*d*) sacredness of vows, v, 4-5; (*e*) superiority of rebuke, vii, 5; (*f*) the original condition of man, xii, 13-14; (*g*) the responsibility of existence, xi, 9; (*h*) duty, xi, 13-14.

Self-review.—1. What is meant by Ecclesiastes? 2. Who is the author of the book? 3. Why is a just rebuke of great value? 4. Prove that we will be held responsible for our opportunities in life. 5. What is set forth as man's whole duty?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephtic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 23.

PERSONAL TEACHING OF THE SAVIOR.

Subdivisions.—The law of Moses fulfilled in Jesus because He gave the law.—The three divisions of the house of Israel, (*a*) those of the land of Jerusalem; (*b*) those of the land of the Nephites (America); (*c*) the nine and a half lost tribes.—America an everlasting inheritance to Israel.—The Gospel to the Gentiles because of their belief.—Transferring the Gospel from the Gentiles to the remnant of the house of Israel.—The unbelieving Gentiles subservient to the house of Israel.—Healing of the multitude.—Blessing the children.—Institution of the sacrament of the Lord's supper.—Choosing the Twelve Nephite Apostles.—His ascension. Time, A.D. 34. Ref. III Nephi, xv-xviii.

Self-review.—1. Name the three divisions of the house of Israel spoken of in this lecture. 2. When speaking to the Jews whom did Jesus mean in the expression, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd?" 3. When speaking to the Nephites what people did He refer to in saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that

I have other sheep which are not of this land; neither of the land of Jerusalem . . . therefore I go to show myself unto them"? 4. To whom is this land (America) to be an everlasting inheritance? 5. What significant and joyful manifestation followed His blessing of the little children? 6. What ordinance of the Gospel was established at this time?

LECTURE 24.

CONTINUATION OF THE THREE DAYS' PERSONAL ADMINISTRATION OF JESUS AMONG THE NEPHITES.

Subdivisions.—The preparatory work with the Apostles, (*a*) the dividing of the multitude into twelve bodies, (*b*) teaching the people, (*c*) baptism of the Twelve, (*d*) the gift of the Holy Ghost, (*e*) the ministering of angels, (*f*) the return of Jesus.—The marvelous prayer.—The marvelous seeing and hearing.—The miraculous provision for the sacrament.—Giving of America to the remnant of the house of Jacob for an everlasting inheritance.—His testimony concerning the unbelieving Gentiles.—A "New Jerusalem."—Explanation of the fulfillment of the Abrahamic Covenant.—The redemption of Jerusalem signified.—The remnant of the house of Jacob to lead in the establishment of the New Jerusalem—assisted by the Gentiles.—His careful inspection of their records—He orders a record made of the resurrection of the Saints as declared by Samuel, the Lamanite prophet.—His revelation and explanation of the words of Malachi.—His universal exposition.—Marvelous declarations made by the children. Time, A. D. 34. Ref. III Nephi, ch. 19-26.

Self-review.—1. What was the object of dividing the multitude into twelve bodies? 2. What was the burden of the prayer of the Apostles? 3. What was the Savior's declaration concerning the faith of the Nephites? 4. By whom is the "New Jerusalem"

to be established? 5. What remarkable instance of the importance and sacredness of records is mentioned in this lecture?

LECTURE 25.

CONCLUSION OF THREE DAYS' PERSONAL MINISTRATIONS OF JESUS AMONG THE NEPHITES.

Subdivisions.—The Savior again appears to the Twelve.—He declares the name of His church.—His Gospel and mission, "To do the will of my Father, because my Father sent me."—The universality of accounts, or all things recorded, and the world judged out of the books.—His granting of the individual desires of the Twelve, (a) desire of the nine, (b) desire of the three.—His ascension. The transfiguration of the three Apostles.—Their continuous ministry on the earth.—Mormon's testimony. Time, A.D. 34. Ref., III Nephi xxviii-xxx.

Self-review.—1. By what name is the church necessarily known? 2. By whose authority was the church named in the days of the Nephites? 3. What is the Gospel and mission of the Savior? 4. What is said of the universality of accounts or records? 5. How is the world to be judged? 6. What was the special desire of the nine Apostles? 7. What was the desire of the three? 8. What evidence have you that the three Nephite Apostles are still laboring on the earth? (pp. 539, 540, 541.)

NEW TESTAMENT.

(Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.)

LECTURE 23.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR (CONTINUED).

COURSE II (Continued).

Group VII.—Illustrating the principle of wisdom.

Subdivisions.—1. The ten virgins, (a) place, Mount of Olives; (b) ref., Matt. xxv. 2. The cunning stew-

ard; (a) place, Galilee; (b) ref., Luke xvi. 3. The builder; (a) place, Galilee; (b) ref., Matt. vii; Luke vi.

Self-review.—1. Besides wisdom, what other important principle is illustrated by parable one of this lesson? 2. How many of all the ten virgins mentioned were ready to meet the bridegroom when He came? 3. With what does the parable forcibly impress us? 4. What is the distinction between wisdom and cunning? 5. What is meant by "building upon the rock?"

LECTURE 24.

Group VIII.—Illustrating the principle of fidelity.

Subdivisions.—1. The wedding feast; (a) place, Jerusalem; (b) ref., Luke xii. 2. The wise steward; (a) place, Jerusalem; (b) ref., Luke xii.

Self-review.—1. What is meant by fidelity? 2. Why is it necessary to watch constantly and continually? 3. What is the reward of fidelity? 4. What is the result of knowing a requirement and neglecting to prepare for it? 5. Make an application of these parables.

LECTURE 25.

THE LABORERS.

Illustrating the principle of validity of contract.

Subdivisions.—(a) Work to be done; (b) blessings to be gained; (c) men to be invited to engage in the blessed work; (d) the contractor; (e) the bargain; (f) the contract filled; the remuneration perfectly agreeing with the terms of the engagement. Ref., Matt. xx.

Self-review.—1. Applying the parable, what is the nature of the work to be done? 2. What is the advantage or benefit to the individual workers? 3. Who are invited to labor, and at what age and hour? 4. Who is the high contracting party? 5. What is the nature of the bargain? 6. How is the contract filled? 7. What noble principle besides that of validity of contract does this parable specially emphasize?

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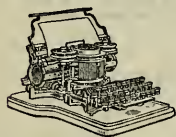
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